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## A NIGHT ON THE FRONTIER.

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I HAD been sitting for several hours in pretty close contact with a pocket-edition of one of 'Resor's Air-Tights,' located in the north-west corner of Harry Jones's store, at the Cross-Roads, amusing myself at the chaffering of the women exchanging their 'wool-socks' bees'-wax, tow-linen, and other domestic manufactures, for 'spun truck,' apron-check, dye-stuff, and so on; and the excruciating scenes of tribulation through which they were leisurely trotting the inexperienced clerk, a gawky-gosling green-horn, whom Harry had left in charge of the store, while he made a flying visit to the city, to replenish his stock.

It was getting late in the afternoon. The sun had shut in again, and it had commenced snowing for about the twentieth time that day, and out of a cloud apparently about the bigness of a bed-quilt, when the door opened, and in stalked a stout and rather elderly-looking man with exceeding black glossy hair, black eyes, and withal a very black face for a white man, or a man who, residing in a slave State, was in the habit of being addressed with the title of 'Mister' prefixed to his name. Threading his way through the women and children with which the narrow pass-way between the counters was crowded, as best he could, with an occasional nod of recognition or friendly salutation, he approached the clerk, who at the moment was vainly endeavoring to tie up ten pounds of coffee in a sheet of brown paper that was barely large enough for eight, and addressing him by name, inquired: 'Whether the gentleman who was buying cattle was still there?'

The agonized clerk, hearing his name pronounced by a familiar voice, looked up from the vexatious job, which seemed to have over-tasked his ingenuity, and beheld the father of a sylph-like female woman of some two hundred and odd pounds avoirdupois, (toward whom he had for some time, as he expressed himself to a confidential friend 'had a mighty

powerful strong hankerin' a'ter,) a witness to his awkward attempts to play the merchant. Making a desperate effort not only to retrieve his character, but to astonish by a display of his skill, he first pointed, and then ducked his head, in the direction where I sat hugging the afore-said pocket-piece of a stove, and where I had been for the last hour or so, vainly endeavoring to delude myself into the belief that I was more comfortable the nearer I came in contact with cold iron; after, which telegraphic performance he gave his arm a circumgyratory movement, and succeeded by one bold stroke in dividing his ten pounds of coffee into three tolerably equal parcels, one of which lodged on the floor, another in a barrel of mackerel, and the third in a tub of soft-soap that stood open under the counter.

This unparalleled feat of dexterity seemed to astonish the performer infinitely more than the spectators; so much so, in fact, that from towering a head and shoulders above his customers, he suddenly wilted down, until he was entirely concealed from my view by a quart-pot which sat on the counter.

And what a wonderful quart-pot that was! It was a 'medium,' a real *spiritual* medium; a medium through which the spirit of the potent Sir John Barleycorn has continued to pour for lo! these many years as unfailing a stream of gold into the pockets of Harry Jones as did, and for aught I know does yet, the accommodating spirit of Samson into those of the Misses Fox and Fish, in that interesting game of 'Fox and Geese,' where the cunning fox contrives to pull the feathers over the silly geese's eyes, willing victims generally, and then go in to win at 'Three pluck One.'

The old gentleman approached and saluted me with a nod, and a 'How d' ye do?' and then, after mutually 'comparing our views,' not only on the actual state of the weather for the day that was then drawing to a close, but the probable qualities of the one that was expected to follow, and the night that would necessarily lie between, he inquired:

'Are you the gentleman that's buying cattle through here?'

'Yes: I have bought a few in this neighborhood.'

'Want to buy any more?'

'Yes.'

'How many?'

'All I can get, of the right sort, and at the right price.'

'What kind are you buying?'

'Three and four-years old steers.'

'What are you paying?'

'That depends altogether on the quality.'

'Say a good average lot?'

'The fact is,' I replied, 'I seldom ever 'price' another man's property; *never*, until I see it. If you have cattle for sale, I'll look at them, and then I shall be better prepared to make you an offer. How many have you of the kind I want?'

'Do n't you buy any over four-years old?'

'Yes: if they are in good order, I'll take them up to twelve. How many have you?'

‘Well, I suppose I could make out somewhere in the neighborhood of five hundred head.’

‘How far do you live from here?’ I inquired.

‘Ten miles.’

‘You are not going home to-night?’

‘Yes: suppose you go with me?’

I went to the door and looked out. The bed-quilt had stretched itself into a curtain, entirely obscuring the face of heaven; and strange to tell, the broader it stretched the thicker it grew. And great Gewhili-kins! *was n't* the snow peppering down! The wind had sprung up from the north-east, and came driving across the prairie direct from Spitzbergen, cold as the charity usually shown by one Christian denomination toward another; yea, even though that other be a seceding branch of the same; and with an impetuosity that threatened destruction to its ‘cheeks,’ provided there be any foundation in fact for that poetic simile. I consulted my watch, and found that the sun was nearly down.

‘My dear Sir,’ said I, ‘this is going to be an ugly night to be out in, and it will be dark before we get half-way to your house, and the pitchyest *kind* of dark, at that.’

‘What of that?’ said he: ‘when I was a young man, like you, I should have thought nothing of getting on my horse and riding all night such a night as this threatens to be. I’ve done it many a time, and could do it again, if necessary.’

Well, suppose he *had* — what then? Why just this, that his telling it under the circumstances was nothing more nor less than a vain-glorious bravado, inasmuch as there was no evidence whatever going to show that it was at all necessary for *me* to turn out on such a night. I could just as well, for aught he knew, have remained all night where I was, and rode out in the morning. Of *course* I could, and why did n't I? Well, no matter *why* I did n't stay, but I *did* n't. Ordering my horse with as *nonchalant* an air as I could assume, thereby doing violence to my feelings, I donned my travelling gear somewhat desperately, and we set out across the prairie in a northerly direction.

Many city-bred individuals become enamored of country life; some by the perusal of highly-wrought sketches, wherein the author's imagination is more severely taxed than his observation; others by witnessing the results, on some well-regulated farm, of long-continued, untiring, systematic labor, in the neat, snug-looking cottage, smooth verdant lawn, well-arranged garden and orchard; large, plethoric barns, and well-stocked parks and pastures; and needs must buy *themselves* a country-seat, in order that they may ‘go and do likewise.’ But alas! when they come to ‘realize’ the trouble and expense, and more especially the amount of brains, necessary to the production of such results, the disgusting matter-of-fact details inseparably connected with rural life, which, though smoothed over by the mellifluous cadences of the pastoral poet, still remain stern, unbending realities, requiring to be attended to, each in its proper season, they sigh over their delusion, and would fain once more return to their cod-fish and candles. So it is with a snow-storm. The results are oftentimes delightful. A calm, frosty, moon-shiny

night ; a clipper of a sleigh under you ; a pair of ' fast crabs ' before you ; and a pair of sparkling eyes, illuminating a pair of rosy cheeks, by the side of you ; and the sleigh-bells making such a noise that you and the owner of the eyes and cheeks have to put your heads together in order to make yourselves heard. ' Git out of the way ! — the smokomotive's a-comin' ! G'lang ! '

But the getting up of snow-storms in a new country is sometimes attended with serious consequences. The wayfarer upon our interminable western prairies, overtaken by a snow-storm, is frequently as much at a loss how to proceed as is the mariner on the pathless ocean, without chart or compass. Many, very many, perish miserably every winter, caught in snow-storms out on the trackless wastes of our western wilds ; their only requiem the ominous howl of the wolf — their only grave his insatiate maw !

But to return from our digression, and proceed with our narrative. We pushed ahead : at first at a pretty brisk gait, sometimes in a trot, and sometimes in a gallop ; my dark-featured guide in advance, and I following : the wind driving the snow almost horizontally into our faces. Presently the sun went down, and gradually drawing a set of extra-thick curtains around, shut off the light so completely, that the only idea I had of terrestrial objects, even of a horse's head and ears, was from memory. As the sun gathered in his rays, and tucked the curtains closer, my guide gradually slackened his pace, and finally came to a halt.

' Confound the luck ! — I wish I'd staid at Jones's ! ' I heard him ejaculate.

Now *I* had been wishing that very thing ever since we had started, and for the last half-hour had been reflecting upon myself for being such a fool as to get into a scrape of that sort with my eyes wide open ; and threatening, if I got out of it, to apply at the next court for a guardian : but knowing, from the distance we had travelled, that it would be equally if not more difficult to find our way back than forward, and wishing to give a ' lick back ' for that bravado of my dark friend's that had been the sole cause of my turning out, I shouted out to him : ' Go ahead ! It is a fine night for travelling. I guess we shall find ourselves in the morning ! '

My teeth chattered, and cut the words into all sorts and sizes of syllables that could be imagined, as I uttered them.

My guide answered with a grunt : but whether intended as a token of approbation or of contempt, I was unable to determine — and we started on.

We had proceeded but a short distance, when I discovered that the wind was changing. Instead of coming quartering, it met us right in the face : presently it took us on the other quarter ; and not long after it was on our backs. I was confident that we were changing *our* course, and not the wind its direction : and I shouted to my companion, and asked him if we were not lost ? He answered that we were, and *had* been for an hour. I asked him what direction he lived from Jones's ?

' Due north.'

‘How long have you owned that horse you are riding?’

‘I raised him.’

‘How long have you lived at the place where you reside at this time?’

‘Twenty years.’

After a few minutes of silent progress, during which the wind had changed from our backs to another quarter, satisfactorily proving to my mind that we were certainly going round in a circle, or in some round-about sort of fashion, I proposed to my guide that if he would exchange horses with me, and let *me* take the lead, I would take him home in less than two hours.

‘I’ve no objection,’ said he, ‘to your taking the lead, for I confess that I am lost; but I don’t see why, if you can find the way *at all*, you can’t do it as well on one horse as another.’

As he stopped, however, without farther urging, and dismounted, I did n’t deem it necessary to explain to him my reasons, which were simply these:

I had had experience enough in the sagacity of horses to know, that as a general rule, when a man gets lost in the neighborhood of his residence, particularly in the winter-time, when his horse is in the habit of being *fed*, if he will just give him the rein, he’ll take him straight home. So, mounting my companion’s horse, and turning his head in the direction I supposed to be about right, we started on again. I soon found, notwithstanding my experience and unbounded confidence in equine sagacity, that my new guide and myself were differing very materially, and most unaccountably, considering I knew nothing about it, in our views as to the right direction; and I caught myself repeatedly checking and trying to turn his course. Giving him the rein, I put him into a gallop, when the wind changed rapidly for a while, but finally settled down in one quarter. I now felt safe, and informed my dark friend in the rear that I would soon land him at home. I did n’t hear his answer distinctly; but from what I *did* hear, and from the tone of his voice, I’m disposed to believe that just about that time he was pretty well satisfied in his own mind that I was a thundering fool. The event, however, justified my prediction; for in a very short time my companion was at home beneath the shelter of his own roof, in the bosom of his family.

Yes, he was at home: and *such* a home!

Here was a man, or a being in the likeness of one, who owned between four and five thousand acres of land, over a thousand head of cattle, and scores of negroes; whose dwelling consisted of but a single room, built of unhewed logs, covered with clap-boards and weight-poles, without a particle of loft; the cracks filled with clay, and altogether innocent of white-wash, either outside or in. The yard was but part and parcel of an immense pasture, where cattle, horses, hogs, dogs, geese, and young ‘niggers’ held a disputed possession! Not a tree, bush, vine, or shrub, either for shade, shelter, or fruit, was to be seen!

However, I was under a shelter, and *that* was some consolation; for notwithstanding it might be a standing monument to its owner’s swin-

ishness, the inside of it was much more comfortable than the outside, on such a night.

The only furniture visible was a couple of roughly-made bedsteads, an old rickety table, and half-a-dozen chairs. The family of my host consisted of his wife and two daughters. The wife occupied one corner of the huge fire-place: her meaningless, lack-lustre eyes were fixed on the fire; nor did she withdraw them on my entrance, but remained apparently unconscious of all that was transpiring around her. Her presence seemed to be entirely ignored by her husband and daughters. At first I supposed her to be much older than her husband; but before I left, I became satisfied that it was not age so much as some mental agony that had furrowed her cheeks and frosted her locks. The daughters were huge and sluttish.

Partial as I am to a rich and productive soil, I have never yet been able to appreciate, or even account for, that taste which causes persons frequently to make such liberal displays of it on their own persons.

If patriotism, or the love of one's native soil, were to be measured by the amount of it which each one carries about with him, (or her, as the case may be,) and rewarded as patriotism should be, those two maidens before me must undoubtedly hold a high rank in the State, when that 'good time coming' which has been so long on the way, shall have 'arroyen,' and Woman asserted her rightful supremacy: when some daring and martial Presidentess, marching beneath the protecting ægis of a silken parasol, with the imposing rotundity of a hooped-petticoat for a banner, shall have asserted the principles of the Monroe doctrine practically, by absorbing the Canadas and the Russian Possessions, Mexico and Central America, and then annexing all South-America, along with the balance of the Western Continent, together with all the adjacent islands to this great, grand, and gel-lorious Model Republic!

The dirt was not confined to the young ladies, however, but was distributed with great impartiality to every object in the room. The negroes who came at the call of the eldest of the dirty Hebes, to 'fix the table for master's and the gentleman's supper,' and whose eyes expanded at the sight 'ob dat strange gemman what's got har' all ober he face and mouf,' until the whites fairly illuminated their sable visages, were as dirty as their young mistresses, and ragged to a degree that a fig-leaf would have been positive decency in comparison; suggesting to my mind the propriety of their acting as maids to the lady who was 'going to wear a bustle to church — *she* was: *she* wasn't going to wear any thing else.'

An ancient specimen of caninity, in the shape of a blear-eyed, uncomfortable-looking hound, afflicted with the mange, or some other distressing cutaneous affection, would come bolting into the house every time the door opened, which was on an average about every two minutes and a half, and, running to the hearth, would drop down in the ashes with which it was covered. A kick, or a punch with a stick, would evoke a most dismal sound, a kind of cross between a whine and a howl, and send him out doors again, raising a perfect cloud of ashes at each repetition. I could n't help but admire his 'perseverance in a

good cause,' while I pitied his afflictions and the shortness of his memory.

But where was I to sleep? Echo did n't choose to answer the question. There were but two beds in the room, and no extra bed-clothes visible. Two beds and five persons. Some body had to sit up, or sleep three in a bed. Was I to be one of the three? I'd sit up first. What a fool to leave Jones's, where I had a good, clean bed all to myself!

My cogitations on the interesting question of where I was to sleep were cut short by the announcement:

'Supper's ready.'

I drew my chair up to the rickety concern that answered to the name of table, with an appetite whetted by my evening ride, to such a degree, that under ordinary circumstances I should have eaten a very hearty meal.

The first glance at the 'provender,' however, took off the wire-edge, and each succeeding one wore it away still more. In the centre of the table was a huge pan of yellow corn-bread, supported on the left flank by an empty pepper-box, and on the right by a salt-cellar, partly filled with a mixture of something which I took to be salt, ashes, and dirt, in about equal proportions, while the rear was brought up by a deep dish, which was filled nearly to the brim with grease, in the midst of which were floating small pieces of something bearing a slight resemblance to meat. That pan of corn-bread rather 'fetch'd' me! That depression in the centre *might* have been the print of the cook's hand; but if it was n't made by a juvenile darkey, who, in playing about the hearth while the bread was baking, had made a mis-step, and set his naked foot in it, I must acknowledge that my three months' attendance at the guessing-school, at ten dollars a session, was so much valuable time lost, and money badly invested. It was a little nigger's track, as sure as you're born! My host broke off a large chunk, and handed the balance of the pan over to me. I attempted to break off a small piece, but it seemed to adhere by some invisible agency. Giving a twist and a pull at the same time, a sound as of something tearing reached my ears, and the piece was detached. Upon examination, I found a piece of rag just above the bottom crust, that had been baked in!

Helping himself to a liberal supply of the contents of the dish, 'our host' handed it over to me, saying: 'Have some of the fry?' After a few awkward plunges with the one-pronged fork with which I had been furnished, I succeeded in securing one of the floating morsels, and depositing it on my plate. Breaking off a small crumb of bread, I put it in my mouth, following it with what I supposed to be a piece of fried meat. On tasting it, however, I concluded that I must have been mistaken. It tasted like something that had undergone the different processes of preserving, pickling, and then frying. With the help of a big swallow of coffee, I managed to swallow it. The coffee was bitter, without cream or sugar, and black as pitch. I asked my host, who by this time had worked into the centre of the pan, what that was in the dish? Without looking up, he answered: 'Fried meat and gravy.'

'Yes: I know that: but what *kind* of meat?'



‘Pickled pork.’

At length the table was ordered to be cleared away. By the time that had been accomplished, and the door closed on the afflicted hound for the fiftieth time, the young ladies had commenced undressing, preparatory to going to bed. Now modesty, pure and unadulterated, is always attractive, wherever found, be it in the lowly cabin or the aristocratic mansion. Like every thing good, however, it has its imitations. There is a kind of spurious, mock-modesty, that bears about the same relation to the genuine article that brass does to gold, or hypocrisy to religion. It is *this* kind that mantles the cheek so often at the mention of such words as ‘leg,’ ‘shirt,’ etc., and throws its possessor into convulsions at the sight of a ‘nude statue;’ good indications of a weak mind, an impure imagination, and vulgar associations. Modesty, like Scruggs’s gold, is always appreciated.

Scruggs thought he was going to die, and sure enough he did. His children were all gathered around him, and his money all lay before him. Taking the paper-money, he divided it equally among his children. Then drawing the gold and silver toward him, he said : ‘*T’u* keep this. It’ll pass in *any* country!’

Whether the young ladies in question, who were quietly undressing in my presence, were possessed of the ‘true,’ or the ‘false,’ or neither, I shall not take upon myself to decide. I was evidently not in their way in the least. Had I been a pitch-fork, or a pair of tongs, in the place of a ‘nice young man,’ hirsute and vigorous, dressed in the latest mode, they could not have manifested less concern. They disrobed to a single garment; and that looked as though it had originally been a ‘scant pattern,’ and had shrunk a good deal since making, particularly at the upper and lower extremities. The fact simply is, I have seldom if ever seen a more liberal display of female charms, not even in a crowded ball-room, or at a fashionable church, than I was the involuntary witness of, on that occasion.

‘But where was I to sleep?’ Echo, that universal ‘attorney for defendant,’ failed to respond. My taciturn host, having finished picking his teeth, took a cob-pipe down from a shelf over the fire-place, filled it with tobacco, lighted it, and then settled himself down in a chair in the opposite corner from where his wife sat motionless as a statue, and equally silent, gazing fixedly into the fire.

Left to my own resources by my host, who was silently puffing away at his short-handled pipe, his head enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and my nostrils invaded by the unpleasant odor which he exhaled, I passed the time as pleasantly as I could, in studying the group which surrounded me, and in making fancy guesses as to the number of additional bristles it would require to convert the male member thereof into a regular porker.

My curiosity was excited to know something of the family history : and I resolved, before leaving the neighborhood, to gratify it, as far as might be possible. So far, however, as their early history was concerned, I was doomed to disappointment. All I could find out was, that my host’s name was JOHN ROUSE : that he had come into the country many years before, with a wife and an infant : that they came



in a one-horse 'carry-all,' and were apparently very poor. That he had built a cabin remote from any settlement; avoided society as much as possible, and commenced 'opening a farm' with his own hands. That some four or five years after he had moved into the country, a wealthy relative in the South had died, and left him a large fortune in money and negroes; and that from that time he had treated his wife and daughters with the grossest neglect; spending the most of his time with his negroes, and constantly occupying the couch of some one or other of his amorous and odorous dependents. I was farther informed that his wife, in her younger days, was a remarkably handsome woman, and had the manners of a highly-accomplished lady; but owing to the treatment of herself and daughters, she had become a complete wreck, in mind as well as in body.

I learned afterward that Rouse was an Italian, who had had the good fortune, when a youth, of accidentally rescuing from some extreme peril, a little girl, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman from the South. That the gentleman, grateful for the act, had brought him home with him, and educated him; and that the little girl, now grown to a woman, more grateful still, on being admonished by her father to beware of the captivating graces of the young Italian, whom he had reason to suspect and fear, ran off with, and married him, in spite of all opposition. That little girl, and that disobedient young woman, were now both before me, in the person of that miserable wreck of humanity. Marvellously well had she verified the truth of the proverb of 'marrying in haste, and repenting at leisure.'

But to return. My host having finished smoking, and laid his old dingy pipe on the shelf, remarked that he 'thought it was about bed-time;' and going to the side of the bed occupied by the girls, he reached under, and drew out a small bundle of bed-clothes. The mystery was explained as to where I was to sleep, and I felt relieved. Yes: in less time than it would take a Jew or a 'Corn-plaster' to remove the warts from a toad's back, I was free from pain — the pain of suspense.

Spreading the clothes upon the floor, in front of the fire, he observed that when I felt like lying down, I could turn in; then taking up his hat, he went out; and that was the last I saw of him that night.

I went to the door, and looked out. It was still stormy. I sat down again by the fire, and said to the old lady, who was still gazing intently into it, that it was a stormy night. She turned her head slowly, until her eyes met mine. I could read misery and resignation in them, as though written with a pencil of light. She said never a word, but shook her head sadly, and resumed her former position.

I sat and mused awhile, and then undressed, and went to — I was going to say *bed*, but that would be taking unwarrantable liberties with our language. I lay down on a couple of dirty, ragged quilts, and covered myself with a couple more.

I lay awake a long time; but at length I dropped off into an uneasy slumber: and as I slept I dreamed a dream: and *what* I dreamed, I am now going to relate.

Methought it was a cold but cloudless day in December. I had gone home from church with MINNIE — dear, charming, lovely, incomparable Minnie! — who is now and ever will be (for the next three weeks, at least) a considerable improvement upon perfection. The old gentleman, the respected 'parient' of Minnie, met us at the gate. He had the reputation of being a warm friend, when he *was* a friend, but a bitter *enemy*, when he *was* an enemy. I rather suspect, from one or two little circumstances which I remarked, that he did n't aspire, on the present occasion, to the high honor of being considered 'a friend of mine!' At all events, his deportment was frigid as an iceberg. Pointing to the house, he ordered Minnie to go in, in a rasping tone of voice, that sounded like sawing dry gourds, and as authoritatively as a Sergeant-Major in the 'Hill Militia' on parade. Was I to stand by and hear Minnie talked to in that way, by any body? No SIR: 'Old man,' said I, 'you must n't talk in that way to Minnie, if she *is* your daughter;' and I pulled off my coat, to let him know I was in earnest. He pulled off *his*, and his *hat*, and hung them on the yard-fence. I put mine on again. Respect for his gray hairs, and parental authority, prevailed. He had prodigious fists, and the muscular power by which they were worked, seemed to me at the time immense. Resuming his hat and coat, he invited me across the lane to a large stable, which had been recently erected. The air was keen; the stable was open; and my clothing was much better adapted to a high state of Mercury, than to such hyperborean blasts. My jaw-bones had formed themselves into a pair of castanets, and were playing an uninterrupted series of the liveliest tunes imaginable. The old gentleman noticed it: 'What!' said he; 'you an't *a-cold*, are you? Look at *me*. I an't a-cold; and you, a young man, and coming here to see my daäter! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

The castanets struck up a still brisker air.

'What in the ——' And here the old gentleman named a region of country supposed to be located very far South: 'what do you come sneaking around here after, *any* how? You ought to have had sense enough to know that Minnie would n't marry you, to save you from the ——' And here the old gentleman mentioned the name of the king of the country before spoken of.

'It's a lie!' I shouted. 'Minnie will marry me; and she's going to *do it*, in spite of you and that poor ornary cuss of a red-headed, cross-eyed, grocery-keeper, that you are trying to force her to marry! You ought to be *ashamed* of yourself, you flinty-hearted old wretch!'

The old gentleman, instead of pitching into me, softened down considerably:

'Why,' said he, when I had got through, 'you are more spunkier than what I thought you was. Give us your fist!'

'Bob,' said he, to a little nigger, who was at the wood-pile, after a 'turn' of wood for the house, 'bring a chunk of fire out here.'

Bob brought the fire, and his master gathered up some corn-cobs, and built a cob-fire in one corner of the stable. Looking through a crack, in the direction of the house, I missed the well, and inquired what had become of it.

'Moved it,' was the reply.

'Moved it! — how?'

'You know,' said he, 'that Minnie is a medium. Well, I got her to call up Samson's spirit; when I told him that my well was in the wrong place, and asked him if he could n't help me to move it around to the back of the house.

'Certainly,' said he: 'just take hold of the pump-handle, and when I give the word, go ahead to where you want it.'

'I did as I was directed; when presently I heard coming up from the bottom of the well: 'All set: let her rip!' So I just walked around to the back of the house, with my hand hold of the pump-handle, and the well followed me like a lamb.' Thinks I to myself, 'Old fellow, you'll do;' and I put my hand in my pocket, to get out my knife to present to him. But instead of finding, as usual in that convenient receptacle for knives, combs, and hands that are in one's way in company, a single venerable BARLOW, I found it filled with a multitudinous assortment of cutlery, hardware, and odds-and-ends in general. Drawing out a handful, and then another and another, among which were 'Barlow-knives,' 'Jack-knives,' 'Congress-knives,' 'razors,' and 'the deuce knows what all,' I placed them in my hat, which had been placed on the floor of the stable. As I continued to disgorge, first one pocket and then the other, my worthy host commenced distributing the articles around the stable. Some he scattered over the floor; some he stuck in cracks in the wall; and other-some he stuck in the loft. Having finished the distribution of the cutlery to his satisfaction, he took up a corn-cob, and drew a circle some five or six feet in diameter around the fire. Pushing me outside the circle, and placing himself within it, he muttered some sort of gibberish; took from his vest-pocket a pinch of — something; and exclaiming, 'Presto, change!' threw it into the fire.

In a moment every thing was changed. Instead of crouching over a corn-cob fire, in an open stable, I found myself in a magnificently-furnished apartment; the costly mirrors, paintings, rose-wood piano, carpet that yielded to the tread, centre-table covered with elegantly-bound books — every thing, in fact, indicating a union of wealth and taste, surpassing any thing I had ever beheld so near 'sun-down.'

Bewildered, overwhelmed with astonishment, I turned to the magician to demand an explanation; when, to my dismay, I discovered that he had disappeared, and that I was left alone! Sinking into an easy-chair, I abandoned myself to the thick-coming fancies that were conjured up by the wonderful transformation that had just taken place.

Hark! — a footstep! The door opens, and MINNIE, more radiant and charming than ever, enters the room. Seating herself at the piano, she began to play one of my favorite airs. Rising from my seat, I approached the fair musician; and as the last note died away, leaning over the back of her chair, I whispered — well, no matter *what* I whispered. Suffice it to say, that as I felt her raven tresses mingling with my own 'soap-locks,' and while her precious breath was perfuming my whiskers, a scarcely audible whisper in reply, made me perhaps the 'happiest man out of jail!'

Clasping her to my bosom with an energy commensurate with the intensity of my affection, I was just in the act of imprinting a burning kiss upon her lips, when she shrank back, and uttered a most unearthly howl!

I awoke. The door was open. I was nearly frozen; while by my side, with my arm encircling his neck in a loving embrace, lay the unhappy canine, whose pursuit of shelter under difficulties I had admired the night before, and who, just at that time, was adding very materially to the hideousness of night, by a succession of the most dismal, gutturalish, trombonified howls I ever heard! Relaxing my grasp, I lent him a kick that sent him howling forth into the yard; shut the door, and fastened it securely; and then sought my couch again, and drawing the old quilt close around me, resigned myself once more to the influence of the drowsy god. I arose early next morning, and left before breakfast. And I did n't buy 'nary cattle.'

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W E L C O M E   H O M E .

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BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

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Oh! this vale forever, this lovely vale,  
 So rich in romantic lore:  
 My heart will freeze, my cheek grow pale,  
 When its beauty inspires no more:  
 Elsewhere my thoughts grow dull and cold,  
 But a fire lights heart and brain  
 While this scene, like a picture fair unrolled,  
 Delights my glance again.

On the flowery banks of the Genesee  
 I have reared a poet's cot:  
 Not dearer were the Tweed and Dee  
 To the hearts of Burns and Scott:  
 On the hill-side sloping to its wave,  
 Where the sun-set lingers last,  
 Is a mother's tomb, a daughter's grave,  
 And the scenes of a storied past.

Oh! this vale forever, this lovely vale,  
 In the glory of summer clad,  
 Where the dead seem whispering on the gale  
 To the minstrel a welcome glad:  
 And a voice I hear from the willowed shore  
 Of my own dark Genesee,  
 Cry, blending with its sullen roar:  
 'Why absent so long from me?'

## D R E A M   O F   A   M I D - S U M M E R   N I G H T .

BY S. H. MEAD.

THE distant knolls of the rocky farm  
Were flooded with sun-shine soft and warm,  
And the long green leaves of the gold-crowned maize  
Trembled with joy in the grateful blaze,  
And the quivering air from the earth arose,  
Like a long-drawn sigh of deep repose :

On the mow, in the barn, at his noontide rest.  
Near the mud-swallow building her fragile nest,  
Where the wasp was making its paper cell,  
While the locust his kettle-drums beat in the dell ;  
And the open doors with the light of day  
Admitted the scent of the new-mown hay ;  
With down-cast looks and a visage sad,  
On his fragrant couch sat a farmer lad,  
Moodily singing his pensive lay :

'Happy the man with a mind to plan  
And the means his ends to gain :  
From his teeming brain come the rushing train,  
And the ship that ploughs the main.

'His office-chair is a throne more rare  
Than that of a king or queen,  
And his magic pen o'er his fellow-men  
Is a sceptre of might, I ween.

'Oh ! blissful thought, that his mind hath wrought  
On the earth a work of good,  
And the whole world pays its cheerful praise,  
And its wealth in a golden flood.

'He writes his name in words of flame  
All over the land and sea,  
And his deathless fame will both proclaim,  
As long as the earth shall be.

'But a mindless toil in the rugged soil,  
My hopeless lot will be :  
And the ox will tread, and the plough be sped  
O'er the sod that covers me.'

Nature was singing her evening hymn  
For the blessing of life so freely given ;  
From the meadow and marsh and forest dim  
The quavering anthem rose to heaven ;  
And incense rolled to the hazy skies  
From flow'ret cups of a thousand dyes,  
And the saintly moon with a halo crowned,  
Such pure and sinless radiance shed,  
That it made the earth seem holy ground,  
Where man should walk with a reverent tread :

And the pale stars watched with earnest gaze,  
The fire-fly's lamp with its fitful blaze,  
As the blissful spirits above might scan  
The life and death of a mortal man.

In the dewy garden walked the youth,  
While leaned upon his stalwart arm  
A being bright with love and truth,  
And over all the nameless charm  
Religion sheds with its holy calm,  
And her sweet words dropped like a soothing balm:  
'Dear GODFREY, is not ours a lot  
Thrice blest above all other fate?  
Those breezy hills that guard this spot,  
Look out upon the rich and great:  
On us descends the better wealth  
Of hopeful youth and ruddy health.  
What more could kindest HEAVEN bestow  
On those who bask in its brightest ray,  
Than that blest privilege we know,  
To love, to labor, and to pray?'  
Her lute-like voice and loving smile  
His spirit charmed with sweetest wile:  
But he broke from the spell in sullen gloom,  
And in moody silence sought his room.

That night by his couch stood a radiant form,  
In silvery robes of the cloudy storm,  
With a girdle of pale heat-lightning bound,  
And gemmed with icy pearls around,  
And the golden grains of the Indian corn  
In an emerald diadem were borne;  
And thus in a low, sad voice it spoke,  
As the south wind murmurs through the oak:

'Away! from the breezy hill,  
Away! from the laughing rill,  
From the lowly cot, and every spot  
In childhood's love enshrined:  
Away! to the dusty mart,  
Where the dust begrimes the heart,  
To the strife and toil for the worthless spoil,  
And the lust of the greedy mind.  
Go! sweat with brow and brain,  
And find in the end amain,  
That the fool hath got, by Fortune's lot,  
The credit and the gain:  
Tool of the public, go!  
Awake! HITMISS AND CO.'

'Your pardon, Sir, but I saw you nod:  
This scheme, as I said, needs a million odd;  
Or say a paltry million or two,  
(And your name, dear Sir,) to put it through;  
And the whole community look to you,  
As a wealthy and public-spirited man,  
To push the improvement as fast as you can.'  
The public must have what they require,  
And so, in the end, the vast concern  
Had also this iron in the fire.  
Unwieldy it was, and hard to turn,  
And also extremely like to burn  
The fingers of public-spirited men:

But every prominent citizen,  
And the public, applauded with voice and pen.

A wonderful firm were HITMISS AND CO.,  
There was nothing their energy would not do,  
And no place their enterprise would not go.  
They would undertake to spread their sails  
For the uttermost bounds of the farthest sea,  
Or to ride the Japanese on rails,  
In case they could get the right of way ;  
Or to tunnel the Isthmus at Panama,  
In order that ships might sail straight through ;  
Or to keep Erie Rail-road stock at par —  
But *that*, I believe, they failed to do.  
The earth had n't scope enough, by half :  
They started the Lunar Telegraph,  
By which 'twas proposed to register  
The prices of stocks, both here and there :  
That was n't much out of the common line,  
Most sales of stocks being mere moonshine.  
But those who could readily descry  
Their wonderful wealth, yet failed to see  
That the only way that their wealth was won,  
Was by doing a hundred days' work in one ;  
And that after all, it was no great gain,  
For the use they gave of such mind and brain.

Right glad was the public to understand,  
That *they* had the public's scheme in hand ;  
And a comprehensive monopoly  
Of loss, the scheme turned out to be :  
All parts of the whole community  
Were prospered by it, saving those  
Whose means and tireless energy  
Had brought it to its wondrous close :  
The desert blossomed as the rose,  
And poured to the crowded city's side  
Its wealth of food, in a ceaseless tide.  
The thing was done ; and what mattered then  
The losses of enterprising men ?  
On the contrary, every one could see  
That they held an odious monopoly ;  
And yearly the State official yearned  
To clutch at the trifling sum they earned ;  
And the city fenced them with legal bars,  
And waged a civil and savage war,  
Because they encumbered the streets with cars,  
Where never a street had been before.

All alone, in his office-chair,  
Sat the head of the firm, at night ;  
His eyes were fixed with a vacant stare,  
And his hair was turning white.  
His imminent bankruptcy,  
To-morrow the world would know ;  
And friends would tell, with a smothered glee,  
How they knew it long ago ;  
And the crowd would gape, at the great mishap,  
As they would at a conflagration :  
And the news would go with the winds that blow  
To every clime and nation.



It was not his ruin he sought to see,  
 As he sat in his office-chair,  
 Nor the verge of his imminent bankruptcy,  
 With his fixed and mindless stare :  
 But a lovely vision, dimly seen,  
 Of breezy hills, and of meadows green :  
 The voice of love he could faintly hear,  
 Nearer it seemed, and yet more near ;  
 And he yearned for the peaceful place of rest,  
 As the infant seeks its mother's breast.  
 The flaring gas-light vanished away,  
 And cheerfully shone the full-orbed day ;  
 And the farmer lad from his couch arose,  
 At the merry call of his dearest one,  
 And he told her the dream of his night's repose,  
 As they walked in the fields, when the day was done.

*Fishkill, (New-York.)*

#### THE CIVIL LAW AND ITS TRIUMPHS.

DEMOSTHENES has well said, in his first oration against Aristogiton, that the design and object of laws is, to ascertain what is just, honorable, and expedient, and when that is discovered, it is proclaimed as a general ordinance equal and impartial to all. This much-admired definition, or rather description, is eminently applicable to the Civil Law. Its justice and honor and expediency have given it a world-wide celebrity, and without the aid of formal proclamation, or authoritative declarations, it has incorporated its principles and its reasoning with every other code of laws, written or unwritten, of ancient or modern times. From the day of its origin to the present moment, its history and character have been marked by a diffusibility or expansiveness, a facile adaptation to the wants of every community, which have made it the wonder and admiration of all ages.

The Civil Law claims birth and nurture in Rome : not in Rome, the arrogant dictator to decayed empires ; nor in Rome, the humbled slave of Northern robbers ; but in Rome, the little village of fishing-huts on the south-east bank of the lower Tiber. It sprang *ex necessitate* from the wants and fears of the people ; it became a part and parcel of their very being and existence in organized society ; it insinuated itself into their simple form of government, and every year added strength and solidity to the foundation which was then laid for the most magnificent and capacious legal structure that the world ever saw. Apart from its mere connection with their social organization, it became interwoven with their religious creed and discipline. To use the emphatic language of the historian Tacitus, in reference to one of their early rulers, but equally applicable to all : '*Numa religionibus et divino jure populum devinxit.*' With the growth of Rome in power and territory, her Common Law gained character and strength. She was on her march to universal dominion : the sword of conquest glittered before her, and carnage waved high his blood-red banner. The whole peninsula, from

the Alps to the Straits of Sicily, was Roman. Italy was too narrow and contracted for her giant power ; and when in the full pride of her strength and beauty, she strode forth exulting, the world that then knew her, trembled and made obeisance. But universal empire was only a part of her destiny, grand in itself and yet inferior and subordinate. Sum up the political history of twenty centuries ; her wars and conquests as monarchy, republic, and empire ; her triumphs and her defeats ; her deeds of prowess and her acts of shame ; her military usurpations and her territorial aggrandizement, and how stands the reckoning ? It is simply this : once, Rome, a miserable hamlet, the abode of fugitives and outcasts ; then, Rome, the colossean Empire that stretched her grasping arms from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates — from the German Ocean and the Grampian Hills of Scotland to the Cataracts of the Nile and the borders of the great Sahara : and now, Rome no longer known or remembered, save for what she was.

What then was that grand mission of old Rome, that lofty achievement which should completely veil her military glory ? It was a mission of peace, of the most active and world-extended benevolence : it was to embody a universal system of jurisprudence ; to girdle the earth with a chain of legal restraint, that rulers and people could not break : to establish an empire of law, whose metes and bounds should as far exceed those of martial Rome, in the noon-day of her prosperity, as old ocean surpasses the noblest river of the earth in magnitude.

The Civil Law originated in the absolute necessities of the Roman people. It was, of course, carefully nurtured in their intervals of peace ; and in the years of foreign war, it remained *proprio vigore*, firm and steadfast. At home, the administrative talent of the rulers, and the untiring energy of the citizens, infused into it strength and copiousness ; abroad, the system of colonization and fraternization practised with dependent and vanquished nations, gave it a wider field, and in time a gigantic scope. Conquering Rome advanced, extending in one hand the sword, and with the other she proffered the boon of citizenship, under the protection of her laws. The subjugated tribes and peoples thus became members of one body politic, parts of one grand whole. Roman citizens did not all live within sight of the Capitol : the officers of state indeed were there ; the ministers of religious rites, and the symbols of their faith, were there ; the *Patres Conscripti* were there, with all that could lend dignity and honor to the Roman name. But the immunities and privileges of the law were as freely scattered in Latium and the Provinces, as they were within the very walls of the Imperial City. '*Romanus Civis sum*' fell with equal freedom and truth from the lips of the Romani, the Latini, and the Peregrini. Hence, Rome and her Colonies formed a complete unit, bound together, as they were, by interest and law. The same life-blood warmed the whole political body ; and the mother city felt the wound which might be inflicted upon the remotest of her offspring, as keenly as if it had been inflicted upon herself.

Thus much for the growth and origin of the Roman Civil System, under the monarchy and republic. The period of empire witnessed

its largest development. The master-hand of Justinian rescued it from the imminent perils of generality and obscurity, and transmitted it, clad in fair proportions, through his immortal Code, as a legacy to after generations. How well merited the brief but eloquent eulogium of Gibbon: 'The vain titles of the victories of Justinian are crumbled into dust; but the name of the Legislator is inscribed on a fair and everlasting monument.' Justinian's labors gave a power and authority to the civil law, which it had never before possessed. The glory of military Rome was fast departing; that of legal Rome increasing; while all around this precious structure of Jurisprudence stalked decay and desolation. A struggle, indeed, was at hand, a contest for supremacy, but the result could not fail to clothe the Roman code with additional lustre and beauty. The cold North vomited forth her Gothic legions, and the fair plains and sunny hill-sides of Italy became the prey and habitation of the spoiler. The time had come when the strength and durability of the civil code was to be tried by the severest test. It had to conquer Northern and Eastern barbarians; to restrain with its heavy fetters the action and the will of the free German and the untutored Frank; to do what Rome herself could never do—control, govern, and subdue those Northern men who had grown great in the forests which they inhabited. But all that was then needed for the diffusion of the Civil Law, was free and unrestrained action; and the policy of the rude conquerors granted this. Goths and Burgundians, Franks and Lombards, each had his own common law and national usages to protect and guard him, while the vanquished Romans fared as well. 'It often happens,' says Bishop Agobardus, in one of his epistles, 'that five men, each under a different law, may be found walking and sitting together.' In such a state of things, need we wonder that amid all the gloom and darkness that settled upon the dismembered fragments of the Roman Empire, the Civil Law shone out, a bright and radiant star, over that desolate waste? Thenceforth it was to cheer and bless the civilized world.

It was the power of Rome, and the leniency of her conquerors, that carried the Civil Law thus far. The power of its own principles, and the weight of its reasoning, were to preserve and extend it, when its first originator and guardian had perished. The first struggle had passed: the Civil Law had triumphed gloriously. Though almost every thing near and dear to man's best interests was enveloped in mediæval darkness, and the moral, social, and intellectual life of nations seemed almost extinct, the genius and power of the Civil Law still survived. Bologna nourished it with maternal care. The Glossatores, from Irnerius to Accursius, watched and guarded it with unexampled fidelity; and when a complete copy of the Pandects was discovered at Amalphi, Italy and Western Europe partook again, with renewed relish, of that ancient feast of legal learning and principles.

And what was the Civil Law, that all Europe could not resist it? And why was it that neither monarch nor people could say: 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther'? It was the *common law* of the world, arrayed, illustrated, and perfected, by the juridical skill of a Papinian, a Gaius, an Ulpian, and a Modestinus, and preserved by

the labors of a long line of successors, not unworthy of their fame. It was a collection of legal principles, so consonant with natural justice, and so closely allied to the rights and duties of individuals, that it at once commended itself to the feelings and wishes of the people. It could never be driven from places that it once possessed. Its greatest charm was its universal adaptation to the wants and requisitions of mankind. The interests of agriculture and manufacture were developed in obedience and subordination to its sway. Commerce claimed its fullest protection, and the operations of war and peace felt alike the weight of its equitable rules. It may have been deficient in its imperfect recognition of the great right of personal security, and in its adhesion to the slavish maxim engrafted upon it by Justinian, '*Quod principi placuit, legis habet vigorem*;' but such admissions were in accordance with the spirit of the times, and belong now only to the past. It had, indeed, no '*Magna Charta*,' no '*Petition of Right*,' no glorious '*Statute of Habeas Corpus*;' but it had its '*Valerian Law*,' based upon the same great and immutable principles of public right, and well deserving the title of '*the Palladium of Civil Liberty*.' With such credentials, the *Corpus Juris Civilis* sought admission into the sanctuaries of justice in Europe.

It diffused itself over the whole of France and Spain. Germany, Holland, and Scotland, embraced and recognized it as their legal creed. It reached the Islands of the Indian Ocean, and ruled with its equable sway over their half-civilized tribes. Southern Africa gave up portions of her territory to its domination; and on the shores of the Bay of St. Helena homage was yearly paid to the venerable system of jurisprudence, which was first warmed into life and activity on the margin of the Tiber. But its second struggle for supremacy was with an antagonist more formidable than any it had yet encountered; the prejudices and hostility of England, and her common law: Rome had known and governed Britain for four hundred years. The forms, the language, and the laws, were Roman; and from the day that the legions of Agricola landed upon British soil, until the voluntary withdrawal of all their armies, the island was as completely Romanized as if it had been but a day's march from the Capitol. Rome's armies were withdrawn, but her laws remained. The Saxon invader could not disregard its principles, nor condemn its household maxims. The Saxon and the Norman clergy encouraged and upheld it, with all the zeal and devotion which love for their national religion could inspire. The Universities recommended it in their wholesome teachings; and the military, ecclesiastical, and maritime courts adopted its forms, and principles, and practice, entire and unchanged. But a contest was going on between the clergy and laity of England, the issue of which struck a heavy blow at the progress of the Civil Law. The famous Parliament of Merton, in answer to the proposition of the Ecclesiastics, declared with one consent, '*Nomulus Angliæ leges mutare*.' Yet the nobles and commons of England could no more check the advance of the Civil System, than they could roll back the swelling tide of ocean which hourly dashed its crested billows upon their rock-bound shores. It had already seized upon three great legal avenues. It had so much

infused itself into their common law at an early period, that even Englishmen acknowledged that the political government, the civil jurisprudence, and the judicial establishments of the Anglo-Saxon times, had their main origin in the Roman Law. Its principles and reasons are now so merged and connected with the principles that regulate the personal, commercial, and maritime contracts of the British law, that the one is comparatively valueless without the other. The white sails, that under the meteor flag of England bear over lake and sea the fruits of British industry and enterprise, are guarded and guided into the desired haven by the protective commercial policy of the Civil Law. Wherever Anglo-Saxon hardihood and Anglo-Saxon valor have opened the way to rapid national growth and development, there, too, are planted the germs of the Roman law. The triumphs and conquests of England are as well the triumphs and conquests of the Civil Code. It has entwined itself around the body of the common law of England, as the serpent enveloped Laocoön with a fold never to be relaxed. It must remain a part of England's legal system as long as England knows her common law.

And the child, America, cannot escape from its everlasting embrace. Already, on those banks, within which the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi roll their lordly floods, rise the temples of jurisprudence, dedicated to the spirit and genius of the Civil Law. Demerara, Berbrie, and Essequibo, nourish it, and the islands of the Caribbean Sea acknowledge its controlling power. North and South, East and West, proclaim with the voice of prophecy, that 'Rome yet rules the world by her reason, after having ceased to reign by her authority.' To apply the magnificent language of Hallam to the Civil Law: 'It stands alone, like a beacon upon a waste, or a rock in the broad ocean. Its sceptre is the bow of Ulysses, which could not be drawn by a weaker hand. It has a wide and royal dominion. Allied to no particular form of government, venerated for its age, and admired for its copiousness and vigor, its victories and triumphs are easily achieved. Its past is an earnest for the future: *'Si queris monumentum circumspice.'*'

The Civil Law attempered with the spirit of Gothic liberty! What can resist its onward march? Nothing but the decay and dissolution of the world. No human power can check it, save the energy of the Common Law, backed by the gigantic arm of England. But the Common Law, in such a contest, would destroy itself; and though the English armies, 'whose morning drum-beat, even now, follows the sun, and keeps company with the hours,' should place either hemisphere within England's grasp, they could not eradicate those noble legal and governmental principles which bear the impress of eternity. From century to century, time will be the herald and the witness of this bountiful distribution of liberty and law among the nations of the earth. And the future historian may yet memorize that sublime epoch, when the prophetic declaration of the great orator of the Roman Republic shall be realized: *'Non erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthæ; sed et omnes gentes et in omni tempore, una lex et sempiterna et immortalis continuabit.'*

I. H. S.

Indiana, July, 1857.

## T H E S H O W E R .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

'T is a sultry day, and the fervid heat  
Steams up from the thronged and dusty street :  
'T is a sultry day, but a change is nigh,  
For a dull gray mantles the western sky,  
And the earth is panting in every vein  
For the glad approach of the coming rain.

Is this the breath of the mountain gale  
That begins to murmur along the vale ;  
That whitens the air with the thistle's down,  
And rains a dust in the distant town ?  
Is this the voice of the storm that I hear  
In the hot and stifling atmosphere ?

It is : you may know by the thunder's jar  
That rolls in the darkened heavens afar ;  
By the gathering clouds and the tremulous glare  
That flames in the field of the upper air ;  
By the lurid sky and the look of death  
That it casts on the ghastly plains beneath.

Darkening the air o'er the forest vast,  
The skirts of the shower are moving fast ;  
A long, gray column of misty rain,  
That darts from the sky to the distant plain,  
And hides in its screen the waving trees,  
That bend to the breath of the fresh'ning breeze.

It bursts from the depths of its secret springs,  
And covers the pool with a thousand rings :  
Gracefully stirring the reeds that curl  
Neath the glittering weight of its dripping pearl,  
And filling afar in the forest's nook,  
The fount of the rock, and the running brook.

It comes like the sound of invisible feet,  
And the air of the woodland grows fresh and sweet :  
Softly and gently it glides away,  
While the west lights up with the setting day ;  
And dim through the showery haze are seen  
The waving trees and the mountains green.

It passes away with a murmuring sound,  
And voices awake in the fields around ;  
Swiftly it moves with a tremulous glare,  
And a muffled roar through the upper air :  
And the lagging clouds 'neath the rainbow's form  
Float off in the wake of the flying storm.

So passeth the terror of death away  
From the good man on his dying day :  
And thus when the bitterest tears are shed,  
And the heavy hours are dark with dread,  
Brightening the gloom of his evening sky,  
Shall the sun-light stream on his aching eye.



## THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

THE disrespect shown to our flag by a Portuguese official, having been amply atoned for by his Government before our arrival at Lisbon, the Honorable Mr. Blunderhead had nothing to do but to return to his native land, *via* Southampton and Liverpool; and the last time I saw him, he was in a large book-store, somewhere in the vicinity of 'Black Horse Square,' bawling out lustily to a plethoric clerk, in nankeen inexpressibles: 'Avvy woo Gil Blar in Francy?' From which, I presume he was endeavoring to negotiate the purchase of a copy of Le Sage's most celebrated work, printed in French, in which language (so he solemnly assured me) he was a proficient.

The ship being 'counted out,' as regarded a fight, by the departure of the 'fire-eater,' the middies laid themselves out for fun, as they expressed it — all but John Jenkins, who found himself unfortunately 'counted in,' from the following chain of circumstances:

Early on the morning preceding the hurricane, Midshipman Alphonso Daw, who was one of the laziest mortals that ever breathed, was seen to remove his right arm from his breast, where it had been resting for some time, and to place it under his head; whereupon, Hart remarked that such an extraordinary exertion of power on his part, must be the forerunner of some remarkable event; and so, on the day of our arrival at Lisbon, I must needs write a number of verses on the subject, which I thought so exceeding clever, that I had the impudence to read them out in full mess. They ran thus:

"CALL all hands quickly from below!"  
 Our Captain hoarsely bawls:  
 'Away aloft! — away they go!  
 And loud the first-luff squalls:  
 'Let go the bow-lines, and round in  
 The braces! Settle away  
 The top-sail halliards! cheerly, men!  
 Out reef-tackles — belay!  
 The top-sail yards are on the cap;  
 The ear-rings soon are passed;  
 And now the ship, without mishap,  
 Is snug for Lisbon's blast.  
 And yet no breath of air, 't is said,  
 Had filled the flapping sails;  
 But middies, ere they went to bed,  
 Reefed even their shirt-tails.  
 No, doubt, shipmates, you are perplexed,  
 Because you can't find out  
 ('Twould surely make a woman vexed,  
 And fume, and fret, and pout)  
 The drift of these ere lines so fine,  
 Penned by a sailor-boy,  
 Which rival his'n who, 'lang syne,'  
 Rit tales of BERRY FOX.  
 Have patience — I'll relate a tale,  
 A tale of wondrous wo!  
 'Tis all about a raging gale,  
 Wot seamen call a 'blow!'



That day the Captain reefed top-sails,  
 Daw moved one arm in bed :  
 'T is, 't is a sign of dreadful gales !'  
 Our skipper justly said.  
 So all was snug, as I have told ;  
 And, at the hour of three,  
 Our frigate bold pitched quick and rolled,  
 With helm hard a-lee !  
 The storm-sprite raged, the rain fell fast  
 Down from the sombre skies ;  
 The lightning flashed, and blast on blast  
 High made the billows rise.  
 I've been in many a storm at sea,  
 When loud the winds did roar ;  
 But none so fearful seemed to me,  
 As this one raised by Daw.'

The reading of this detestable doggerel was greeted by peals of laughter from all the reefers of the mess, Alphonso Daw excepted, who, rising, with a very red face, blurted out angrily : ' Mr. Jenkins, if you mean to insinuate that *I* am the *Jonah* of this ship, you are a liar ! ' Whereupon I immediately knocked him down.

The next morning, after breakfast, Hart handed me a highly perfumed note, containing the following gratifying intelligence :

*'U. S. Frigate 'Shenandoah,' Lisbon, August 5th, 1842.*

'Sir: The code of honor not recognizing any apology as ample enough to cover a blow, I have to demand an early meeting. This will be handed to you by *my* second, Mr. HART, whom you will be pleased to refer to *yours*, in order that the necessary preliminaries may be arranged without delay.

'Respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALPHONSO DAW.'

*'To Midshipman John Jenkins, U.S.N.: Present.'*

As I was expecting this challenge, it did not take me much aback ; and in a few minutes after its reception, this, my reply, was handed by Fearless to Hart, and by him communicated to his principal :

*'U. S. Frigate 'Shenandoah,' Lisbon, August 5th, 1842.*

'Sir: It will afford me infinite pleasure to give you the satisfaction you ask.

'I have the honor to be, Sir, respectfully yours,

'JOHN JENKINS.

*'To Midshipman Alphonso Daw, U.S.N.: Present.'*

The seconds now held a conference, in which it was agreed that the duel should be fought with pistols, at a distance of ten paces ; the time fixed upon being four P.M. of the morrow : of which pleasant agreement Fearless informed me about noon, exhorting me to ' put my fighting-breeches on,' and make all my preparations accordingly.

What the feelings of Daw were during the period that intervened between this and the hour of combat, I had no means of knowing ; but for myself, truth forces me to confess that I felt, all the while, precisely the same sensation at the pit of my stomach, which I experienced during my sea-sickness ; and when actually ' posted ' on the field, confronting my antagonist, the muzzle of whose pistol seemed, to my alarmed eyes, a trifle larger than that of a thirty-two-pound carronade, I bitterly cursed the foolish vanity which had prompted me to give publicity to my ' pome.'

'Gentlemen, are you ready !'

'Fire!'

'One; two; three!'

As Hart counted 'one,' Daw let slip, his bullet grazing the heel of my left boot; while I, shutting my eyes, and mentally vowing that if I escaped this great danger, I would renounce rhyme for reason for the remainder of my days, at the word 'three,' wholly unconscious of what I was doing, discharged my pistol in the air.

'You are a noble fellow, Jenkins!' exclaimed Fearless, springing toward me, and throwing his arms about my neck. 'I hope you are not hurt.'

'Not in the least,' I replied, delighted to find that I 'still lived.' 'Have I shot Daw?'

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed my friend, in reply, 'Daw is not altogether such an angel as to make it necessary to shoot toward heaven in order to *wing* him. But you will have your joke, I see, (as old Blazes said of your father,) under any circumstances; and I now unite with Green, in pronouncing you a little of the 'damndest, coolest fellow in the service.' Then turning to Hart, he said gravely: 'Mr. Hart, is your friend satisfied?'

'Not only satisfied, Fearless,' cried Hart, 'but filled with admiration at your principal's magnanimity; and he begs me to say to him, that he regrets exceedingly that he should have permitted himself to get vexed at his harmless pleasantry.'

We now shook hands all round, after which, as we had received permission from the Captain to remain on shore until the next evening at eight, for the purpose of visiting Cintra, we betook ourselves to the Braganza Hotel, where we secured rooms, and a hearty supper; and then sallied forth, with the intention of going to the opera; I leading the van in high spirits at being so unexpectedly exalted into a hero.

Now, at the time of which I write, it was a somewhat hazardous matter to traverse the streets of Lisbon, *after dark*, owing to its being a custom among the inhabitants thereof, to empty the contents of certain articles of bed-room furniture from the house-tops into the streets. It is true that a recent very considerate regulation forbade their doing so before ten o'clock at night, and then the capsizer was to call out: 'Stand from under!' 'Look out for water!' or something of the sort, in a loud tone of voice, three several times. But the Lisbonese are proverbially a forgetful, careless race, and so they were as apt to cast forth their odors before as after the appointed hour. All people too, (as Dickens says,) have their pleasant little peculiarities, and one of theirs was to capsize first and cry out afterward. A practice, no doubt, often conducive to the amusement of 'ye natives;' but by no means considered funny by those *not* 'to the manner born.' Such being the existing state of things, it is not to be wondered at that I received a present before I had got many yards from the hotel. 'Hallo! Jenkins; have they ducked you?' shouted Hart.

Without replying, I clapped my fingers to my *nasus*, amid the laughter of my companions, and set off, at full speed, for a neighboring bath-house, kept by a live Yankee of the name of Martin.

Before entering it I enveloped myself in a cloak which (as I had

been carrying it under my arm) was entirely unspotted; and thinking it might not be *convenient* to be recognized by the proprietor of the establishment on any future occasion, I asked for a bath in French; and after passing two mortal hours in scrubbing my 'upper works,' as well as my cap, coat, shirt-collar, and waistcoat, I retraced my steps to the Braganza, and went immediately to bed, where my mess-mates found me comfortably snoring, on their return from the 'San Carlos.' The next day Maddox repaired to the Yankee's bath-house, and was about entering the room which I had occupied, when Martin called out to him: 'Not *there*, Sir! not there! A little black-eyed Frenchman took a bath in that ere room last evening, and left a scent behind him that I fear I'll never get *quit* of. I can't say for sartin' what was the matter with the cuss,' continued he, looking as wise as an owl, and placing his mouth in close proximity to Maddox's ear; 'but, between you and me, I swow I rayther kalkerlate *he'd swallowed a buzzard!*'

As day-light came in at our shutters, on the morning after the duel, we four, principals and seconds, went out at our doors; and meeting in the 'grand hall,' we repaired in a body to the 'coffee-room,' where we partook of chocolate and toast. After which, we took the road in two antiquated, gig-shaped vehicles, each drawn by a pair of horses, with a postillion to guide them; and arriving at Cintra, after a three hours' drive, we breakfasted at the 'English Inn;' and then, procuring donkeys and a guide, set out 'to see whatever could be seen.'

Released from the restraint of a man-of-war, we were all in high spirits, and Hart decidedly witty; and the air resounded with our bursts of merriment, as we spurred 'like mad' up hill and down dale. Truly, dear reader, if you have never been a midshipman, you have not the faintest conception of what *real* fun is! This was the first time that I had ever 'oppressed the back' of any animal occupying a higher place in the social scale than a pig; and although I have since bestrode many more gallant steeds, yet none of them do I hold in as affectionate remembrance as the wee bit of a *borrico* who bore me on this excursion. The little rascal was as round as a button; and as he had a fashion of stopping at every stream and streamlet, and swelling himself with water until he was like to burst, my legs were at right-angles to his body during the whole ride; and thrice was I pitched over his head by his coming suddenly to a stand from a full gallop. These tumbles, however, abated not my love and admiration for him one iota; and if that donkey be now in the land of the living, I trust that he has a good bed of straw under him by night, and an abundance of wholesome provender *inside* of him by day!

After visiting the monastery of our 'lady of the rock,' and the 'Moorish castle on the hill,' we repaired to the 'Cork convent,' concerning which, our guide, taking from his pocket a scroll, which he said had 'been presented to him by a learned bachelor of Salamanca,' read to us in Spanish a legend, of which the following is a literal translation:

'Let those who desire to be informed of the cruelties of the Inquisition, carefully peruse the sad history of 'San Antonio, the hermit.'

'No gayer nobleman frequented the court of Lisbon, a century and

a half ago, than Don Antonio de Correa, Count of Cintra, and Knight of the Grand Order of St. James of Seville. Possessing great personal attractions, as well as a princely revenue, his society was courted alike by both sexes; and being of ardent temperament, and in the flower of his youth, he readily gave himself up to all the dissipations of that licentious age, until the whole city rung with his intrigues and irregularities; but as he went regularly to mass, gave tithes of all he possessed to the Church, and was a *Christiano viejo* beside, not having a drop of Moorish, Pagan, or Jewish blood in his veins, his confessor, the most holy Father Andr  s de San Augustin, never once thought of reproving him for his vices.

‘He was aroused from this unworthy manner of life, however, before his heart had become corrupt, by falling in love with the beautiful Do  a Beatriz de Guzman, youngest daughter of the Marquis of this name, the rare graces of whose person were only excelled by the exceeding purity and refinement of her mind. Where these young lovers first met, whether at mass or masquerade, it is not my province to narrate. Suffice it to say, that they became madly enamored of each other; and the family of neither (contrary to all precedent) throwing any obstacle in the way of their happiness, they were formally betrothed, with great pomp and ceremony, and a day fixed for their nuptials. Thus far all was *couleur de rose*.

‘But it unfortunately fell out that the good Father Andr  s, who although a saint in spirit, was very like other men in the flesh, accompanied Don Antonio one day, on a visit to his *novia*. And no sooner had his lascivious eyes fallen on the blushing maiden, so lovely in her youth and innocence, than — setting honor, religion, and the obligation of his priestly vow, aside — he resolved to possess her; and as his saintly office gave him free access to her at all hours, again and again he breathed in her ears his tale of unholy desires. As often was he repulsed with scorn and indignation by the high-spirited girl, who yet, dreading the power of the Church, feared openly to declare his villainy. At length, however, wearied out with his importunities, she imprudently threatened to expose him to Don Antonio. From that moment, the ruin of the lovers was decreed.

‘The next day, the nobles of the court were thrown into a state of horror and consternation, by the news that the powerful Count of Cintra and the Lady Beatriz de Guzman had been seized by the Inquisition, on a charge of heresy.

‘In vain did the influential families of the prisoners appeal to the crown in their behalf; it would not — nay, it *durst* not (for the ‘Holy Office’ was all potent at the time) interpose its authority for their protection. And two years passed away, during which they were as dead to the world, as if the green turf were already growing over their graves. At an *auto da f  *, which occurred somewhere about this period, however, one of the printed acts of the Inquisition made this announcement: ‘Beatriz de Guzman died two weeks since, in prison, of fever. After which, upon renewing the process against her, the Inquisitors declared her to be innocent of crime. Be it, therefore, known, that no

further proceedings shall be instituted against her ; and that her effects, which were confiscated, shall go to the heir-at-law.\*

'Soon afterward, Father Andrès went on a mission to the East ; and a month later, Don Antonio de Correa, after ceding his estates to the Church, was released from confinement.

'He had gone into the dungeon of the Inquisition a youthful Apollo : he issued from it a dejected, broken-hearted man ; his body bent, his limbs distorted, and his hair of a silvery white. Those who had been most intimate with him in the season of his prosperity, now shrunk from him aghast — for the displeasure of the priesthood still haunted him — and as all the members of his family had become included in the persecution against himself, he was left to wander about the very streets over which, in former years, the wheels of his chariot had so often rolled in pride, a penniless outcast, the very Pariah of the Romish world ! Poor wretch ! Abaddon himself might have wept over thy fallen state !

'Ere long, to the surprise of all, he took the monastic vow ; and building with his own hands the cork convent, which you see before you, traveller, he lived in it, secluded from mankind — a dog his only companion — a life of penitence and prayer.

'Soon the fame of his sanctity went abroad throughout all lands, and pilgrims from every clime flocked to his hermitage, to kiss the hem of his garment, and to receive his pious benediction.

'Many years had fled, and the sainted Andrès (now one of the Pope's cardinals) was making a short visit to his native city of Lisbon, when, one afternoon, he received a communication from an unknown hand, stating that San Antonio was lying on a bed of death, and desired to make a revelation to him before breathing his last, concerning certain heretical practices indulged in by the Bishop of Mafra.

'Now it so happened that the Cardinal was jealous of, and at variance with, this same Bishop, who being a man of great learning and ability, and not over-scrupulous in his actions, was in high favor with their common master ; and so, bidding his household not to look for his return for a day or two, he set off, unattended, on his mule, and spurred rapidly in the direction of the cork convent, in high spirits at the prospect of becoming possessed of information which he intended should work the ruin of his enemy. . . . The next evening, a palmer, on going to visit the hermit, not finding him, as usual, at the door of his humble retreat, and alarmed by the loud howling of his dog, ventured to penetrate into his sanctuary : and lo ! just inside of the threshold of it, lay Saint Antonio de Correa, weltering in his blood, from the wound of a dagger still grasped in his almost lifeless hand, while in the farther end of the apartment was the corpse of Cardinal Andrès, nailed to a cross with the head downward ; and at right angles to it, on a low, narrow bench, with the grinning skull in close proximity to his face, as if in mockery of his wo, was stretched the skeleton of a woman, labelled : *Dona Beatriz de Guzman !*

\* WHEN a prisoner dies in the Inquisition, the process continues the same as if he were living. The bones are deposited in a chest, and if sentence of guilt, they are brought out at the next *auto da fé*. The sentence is read against them with as much solemnity as against a living prisoner, and they are committed to the flames. — *Fox's Book of Martyrs*.

'Do you believe that legend yourself?' inquired Daw anxiously of the guide, as he finished reading it.

'Most implicitly, Senhor; for if it were not true, it would not have been written,' he replied philosophically; 'and the most marvellous thing connected with it is, that I never read it to an English lord, that he does not bless my palm with a *crusado*\* at least.'

Not being willing that an American sovereign should be outdone in liberality by a mere British nobleman, Daw placed in the cicerone's hand a Spanish dollar; and as we all followed suit, he kept his hat in his hand, and changed our title from Senhores to Excelencias for the rest of the ride.

On our return, as we drew near to Cintra, we observed a stout peasant, with a large bundle strapped to his back, trudging lustily up a steep hill before us; and as he was '*en carnes y en pañales*,' we had a fair opportunity of inspecting his colossal proportions. Presently he halted somewhat in his gait, and by the time we overtook him, he was so lame that he could scarce walk; and taking off his broad *sombrero*, he besought us 'for alms, in the name of God.' But instead of complying with the request, with loud hurrahs we charged full upon the mendicant, who finding his imposture discovered, retreated nimbly to a cork grove. Here, feeling himself secure from an attack of cavalry, he impudently stood upon his head, with his back turned toward us, thereby '*describiendo cosas*' (as Cervantes has it) '*que, por no verlas otra vez*,' induced us to ride at full speed to our inn. After dining, and drinking several bumpers of delicious Port to the 'health of the homeward bound,' we turned our head toward the ship, which we reached as the bell went eight, quite as much fatigued with our day's *amusement*, as the officer whose watch had just expired, could possibly have been with *his day's duty*.

#### CHAPTER EIGHTH.

AFTER lying idly in the Tagus for sixty days longer, during which no event worth narrating occurred, our Captain received instructions from the Navy Department to make the best of his way to Norfolk, Virginia; and scarce had he perused them, before he gave the order to 'weigh anchor.'

If it be true that 'when the sea is calm and the sky serene, the sirens weep,' they must have shed tears enough, during our return-voyage, to have formed a small ocean; for, throughout the whole of it, not a storm-cloud crossed our track; and at eight in the evening of Saturday, the nineteenth day of November, (so my log-book informs me,) the 'Shenandoah' was running in for Cape Henry light, which had just been reported from her fore-yard.

Cheered by the promise of our trusty Palinurus, 'to pilot the ship to a safe anchorage before midnight,' and not feeling at all inclined to 'turn in,' we, 'passed, and other midshipmen' solicited and obtained permission to keep our lights burning, 'after hours;' and our hammocks being stowed in the port-steerage, and ourselves in the starboard, the

\* A silver coin valued at fifty-two cents.



caterers of both messes clubbed together, and made preparations for a glorious 'tuck-out,' said tuck-out consisting of divers bottles of brandy, two bowls of 'hot-stuff,' and a bountiful supply of 'hard-tack' and cheese. Every thing being in readiness for proceeding to business, Maddox called the meeting to order, and then addressed us after this fashion :

'I wish you to give me your undivided attention, my beloved ship-mates, while I tell you a story, which, if not new to all the 'potent, grave, and reverend seigniors' here present, will be so to the major portion of them, at least. Long before the time when Von Tromp was wont to scour the English channel with a broom at each mast-head, a blowzy, weather-beaten old British admiral went ashore one day, at Spithead, from a bluff-bowed, high-pooped vessel, called the 'Neptune.' No sooner had he landed, than a serving-man, in gaudy livery, leading by the bridle a thorough-bred English hunter, accosted him with : 'If so be as this is Admiral Tartar, my Lud Surrey sends this horse to convey your honor to his castle, where he expects you to dine to-day.' 'By Saint George and the Dragon !' ejaculated the old salt, 'I would rather trust my seat of honor on the main-truck of the 'Neptune' in a heavy sea-way, than on the back of that fellow on this road, smooth as it is. Here, Mr. Scapegrace !' he continued, calling to the midshipman of his barge, 'mount the beast and hasten to return my thanks to his lordship for his kindness, and inform him that I will manage to beat up to his quarters before the day is an hour older.' Mr. Scapegrace, nothing loth, vaulted into the saddle and away he went ! and being a harum-scarum youth, wholly unmindful of the wise saw, 'look before you leap,' he made a dash at a stone wall by the side of the road, infinitely preferring, like a true mid, 'the short cut across the fields' to the beaten track pointed out to him by his lordship's groom. The wall was handsomely cleared, but there being a ditch beyond, the luckless hunter tumbled headlong into it, breaking his neck in the fall, while his rider of course escaped unhurt ; for reefers bore in those days, as they bear now, a charmed life. Now some of you are saying to yourselves, I know : 'Scapegrace was a fortunate fellow to escape so well.' But in this you are mighty mistaken ; for the upshot of the matter was, that the poor lad was not only compelled thenceforth to associate on the most intimate footing with the 'gunner's daughter,'\* (whom all the histories of that period unite in pronouncing the most disagreeable woman that ever smelt salt-water,) but to have one hundred pounds sterling (the value of the Pegasus) charged against him on the purser's books, which, as his pay was but twenty-five pounds per annum, placed him in an exceedingly awkward situation. Year after year sped on, during which time he led a hard life of it indeed. As often as he asked permission to go ashore he received for answer, 'Not until the horse is paid for !' and upon his having the audacity, on one occasion, to insinuate to Admiral Tartar 'that he really did not think he could much longer stand keeping watch all night, and being mast-headed all day,' he was gravely informed 'that no punishment could be heavy enough

\* It was formerly the custom in the British service to make a 'spread eagle' of an offending mid, across one of the cabin-guns, and belabor him well with a rope's end.



for one who had occasioned the death of the puissant Lord Surrey's favorite hunter,' and so in one way or another he was continually reminded of his unfortunate ride. At length the persecuted mid became seriously ill — for even a charmed life was not proof against the envenomed shafts of Admiral Tartar, and his first lieutenant — and his disease baffling the skill of the *medicos*, he continued to grow worse, until finally the time came for him to slip his cable for the other world. 'Poor fellow!' said the surgeon to his assistant, with his hand on the dying youth's pulse, 'this fever has proved too many guns for him.' The death-rattle was already in the mid's throat; but at the sound of his physician's voice, he raised himself up to a sitting posture in his hammock, and enunciated distinctly: 'Doctor, you are an ass! I am not dying of fever, but of my Lord Surrey's dead horse!' Then throwing himself back on his pillow, he committed his ghost to Davy Jones's keeping, who straightway stowed it away in one of the most comfortable nooks of his capacious locker.

'And in commemoration of his hard fate upon this earth, it has ever been the practice of all middies of the Anglo-Saxon race, since his time, to draw, at the commencement of a cruise, from the purser of the vessel in which they may be serving, an advance of three or four months' pay, which is charged against them, under the head of 'dead horse.' Now Mr. Needles, our purser's clerk, informs me that Jenkins, in contempt of this time-hallowed custom, has actually due him this blessed night, as 'the books' will show, the sum of two hundred and ten dollars and sixteen cents. So I move that: Whereas it has pleased the god Fortunatus to bestow great wealth upon our brother in arms, John Jenkins, thereby causing him to disregard his pious duty to the manes of the lamented Scapegrace, and to attempt the introduction among us of a dangerous innovation upon the 'usages of the sea-service;'

'Therefore, be it *Resolved*, That the said Jenkins pay to each steerage mess one dollar and-a-half, to be expended as the caterers of said messes shall direct.'

This preamble and resolution being adopted *viva voce*, Maddox followed it up with: 'And be it further enacted that, in order to get all hands properly primed for the enjoyment of the luxuries now spread out before us, we drink a *brimmer* to the bright eyes of the lady-loves of magnanimous Jenkins, and mathematical Duet.

'Provided: first, that nothing in this act shall be construed to deprive any gentlemen of the privilege of drinking *two* brimmers to each lady's *peepers*, if it be his sovereign will so to do; and secondly, that no heel-taps, either of brandy or hot-stuff, be allowed.'

This resolution, with its provisos, being also carried by an overwhelming majority, and each glass filled to the brim, passed midshipman Williamson, seating himself on the mess-table, favored us with the following recitative:

'THERE'S old JOHN JENKINS, a very good feller O!  
He's got a sweetheart — we'll drink to the same:  
Drink! drink! drink! drink! — we've all drank a bumper to her fame.

'And there's SAM DUET, too, a second SAMMY WELLER O!  
I'll up your glasses and drink to his dame:  
Drink! drink! drink! drink! — we've all drank a bumper to her name!'

The assembly being now *primed* as Maddox had desired, Hart, who seemed to 'feel his liquor,' as the saying is, commenced tuning his pipes, and before any one could *choke him off*, he thus sung :

'YANKEE seamen are wont, of Saturday nights,  
To indulge in a bit of a spree,  
When they drink to 'free trade, and sailors' just rights,'  
And to PEG, POLL, or SUE — or all three.

'Then merrily, cheerily pass round the can,  
Containing the 'water of life;'  
And, each in his turn, let every man  
Drink a bumper to sweetheart or wife.

'And next, lads, in order, the toast I propose,  
Despite of all Europe's vexation,  
Is death and dishonor to Liberty's foes,  
And *life* to the scheme 'annexation!'

'The 'balance of power' to Hades may go!  
To Hades the old world's pretension:  
Let us drink a deep draught to that doctrine MONROE,  
Which teaches of 'non-intervention.'

'And another as deep to 'Old England,' and France:  
They may long rule the Thames and the Seine;  
But 'Manifest Destiny' wills the advance  
Of Columbia's flag on the main!'

'Why are Hart's lines like the pony in Welch's Circus?' quoth little Weasel irreverently, as his senior ceased singing.

'Give it up,' cried two or three youngsters in a breath.

'Because they occasionally gallop along smoothly enough, but for the most part, are lame of one foot or the other, and sometimes even of all.'

'You be hanged!' growled the rhymester in a fury. 'If you do n't keep that fly-trap of yours closed, I'll give you a touch of the *grand jowlée*, my lad! I suppose you think *you* can write poetry?'

'Why, to be sure I can,' answered the young scamp, nothing daunted; 'here goes!'

'Now, as our old mother doth bluster and boast,  
I think it high time that we taught her,  
That we are quite able to guard all the coast,  
That lies on this side of the water.'

'Good for your heels, Weasel!' cried Duet, who was partial to the game of 'All Fours.'

'You mean that he has turned out a Jack, I suppose,' snarled the envious Hart. But without heeding the sarcasm, the *improvisatore* continued:

'And should she, in dudgeon, against us make war,  
In the end she surely will rue it:  
Though LAWRENCE, DECATUR, and BLAKE are no more,  
We still have left HULL and old STEWART!'

'Bravo! bravo! hurrah for little Weasel!' now resounded from the lips of the occupants of both steerages, all being well pleased at the boy's allusion to the heroes upon the pillars of whose fame the navy still securely rested.

The fourth lieutenant, Mr. Hoyle, who was universally conceded to

be the trump-card of the ship, now enlivened us with his presence ; and after taking three long and strong 'pulls at the halliards,' he commenced bemoaning the want of discipline on board our men-of-war. 'Why,' said he, 'more power is given by the Dutch Government to one of its fat-faced, lubberly midshipmen, than a *captain* enjoys with us. Many years ago, after dining on board a Dutch frigate, lying off Mahon, I took passage in one of her boats, pulling sixteen oars, to Georgetown, where my *alma* resided. Now, although the Mahonese say, 'Georgetown and Port Mahon all the same,' it is a pretty considerable 'stretch' between the two places ; so the mid in charge of the boat served me out a *dig* of *schnapps*, and took one himself ; and then lighting his *meerschauum* he blew out a cloud of smoke from it that befogged the harbor for weeks afterward. After exhausting his pipe, he replenished it with tobacco, and then asked me gravely : 'What is your authority over your men ?'

'If they are disrespectful to me,' I replied, 'I report them to my commanding officer, who has them punished with the 'cats,' or 'colt,' or by confinement in irons.'

'Is *dat* all your authority ?' said he, opening his eyes very wide. 'Now I shall show you *mine* !' Thus speaking, he seized the tiller, and, to my utter amazement, knocked the whole boat's crew down with it, and the coxswain beside. Then standing erect in the stern-sheets, and 'with the valiant right hand that dealt the blow pointing t'wards his countrymen, lying low,' as the poet beautifully expresses it, he exclaimed, triumphantly : '*Dat is mine authority* !' Now, gentlemen, Mr. Hoyle went on to remark, 'I call *that* authority as *is* authority ; and so, with your permission, I will take another *cogue* of that same hot stuff, which appears to me to be not only 'just the stuff for trowsers,' as the boys say, but a very superior article for the lining of waistbands ; and I trust that the illustrious concocter of it will *bear* with me if, while drinking to his health and happiness, I venture to express the hope that he will pass the remainder of his days *a brevin*.'

The *cogue* being safely stowed under hatches, Mr. Hoyle, after somewhat incoherently expressing his desire to embrace us all, collectively and individually, rolled himself off to his state-room ; and as I heard him say shortly afterward, in reply to some observation from Major Pipeclay, 'I really am ashamed to hear a man arrived at the age of *futurity* talk so *nonsical*,' I take it he must have found the 'lining' rather 'stronger than exercise.'

'Jones,' cried Maddox, as the luff left the steerage, 'do narrate to us your adventures among the red-skins of Florida.'

'With pleasure, Maddox,' replied Jones, who had become sentimental under the influence of his potations, 'and lest you should accuse me of being prosy, I will do so in rhyme.

'We left Key Biscayno at set of the sun,  
On the first of November — canoes, fifty-one ;  
And reaching Fort Dallas at seven that night,  
The word was passed to us : 'Come to on the right.'  
All rested here well, and at six the next day,  
The sun shining brightly, we got under way.

Then where went we next? — let me think, Sirs — why, *demme*,  
 We formed in a line sure, and stemmed the Miami.  
 Our guide was one CHIEF, a chief fond of war,  
 Who paddled ahead with his negro and squaw :  
 We went rapidly on, and I think about ten,  
 'The everglades are in sight, Sir,' said one of my men.  
 I rose, and looked forth: the most beautiful scene  
 That the eye of the painter e'er gazed on, I ween,  
 Burst full on my view like the vale of Alcure  
 In the love-lighted vision of ALDA the fair.  
 Astern was the river, and on either side  
 The pine-trees were waving their foliage in pride;  
 While three little islands, with cabbage-trees crowned,  
 Were seen in the distance: and then all around,  
 The thrush and the red-bird, the blue *pájaro*,  
 And the dear little robin, with notes soft and low,  
 Were filling the air with their sweet serenades:  
 A welcome it seemed to the green everglades!  
 And onward we went, with our hearts full of glee,  
 Till about two o'clock, or maybe it was three,  
 When cloud after cloud 'gan to darken the sky,  
 While fearfully round us the north wind did sigh:  
 LORD! how we all trembled — and then by the powers!  
 There came down upon us the *wettest* of showers,  
 That ever was seen since the days of the flood,  
 Or, at least, since the days of the wicked King JUD;  
 Yet still we pushed on, and 'came to' about six,  
 All wet to the skin in a de'il of a fix.  
 The next day it rained; the third, and the fourth  
 The weather was fine, and we steered to the north.  
 On the morn of the fifth day, we came in full view  
 Of the big cypress swamp, and an Indian canoe,  
 In which were three Indians — a *brave* and his wives —  
 Who, forsaking their boat, Sirs, 'pulled foot' for their lives.  
 Then, cried Captain R —, as he sprang from his seat:  
 'Follow me, my brave comrades, who fear not to meet  
 The fatigues of a march in pursuit of a foe,  
 Who are stealthy as wolves, and as fleet as the roe.'  
 Now nothing was heard from the boats wide and far,  
 But the officers' cry, '*Suivez moi! suivez moi!*'  
 Three days we pursued them, pursued them in vain,  
 And gladly we took to our boats staunch again.  
 For those *tramps* in the cypress, the LORD above knows,  
 Are far from delightful. One tears all his clothes,  
 And loses his grub. The first-luff of the 'Flirt'  
 Plunging into the bushes, got stripped to the shirt;  
 BRUNER lost his pants and a part of his drawers;  
 Captain H — was quite naked; but here I must pause,  
 For the sake of one Decency — goddess divine,  
 May I ever a worshipper be at thy shrine!  
 'By Corporal TRIM, and by old Uncle TOBY!  
 We at length have arrived, boys, at Lake O-ko-cho-bee!  
 Oh! push ahead lively! I'm all in a hurry!'  
 On the eve of the twelfth day, cried one ALIC SKURRAY.  
 This lake is quite broad, and a high combing sea,  
 On the stern of our boats, brought them all 'by the lee.'  
 Count COLIN LOCKMORTON's quite over was thrown:  
 But you know, lads, the devil looks out for his own;  
 So he lent the poor reeper a kind, helping hand,  
 Who, with his assistance, arrived safe on land.

Some time after this, bidding Ingins farewell,  
 We all joined our vessels at Port Sanybel.'

Duet had risen with the intention, evidently, of proposing Mr. Jones's  
 'health and song,' when one of the midshipmen of the watch came

rushing into our sanctum, bawling out: 'All hands bring ship to anchor! I say, fellows, let's have a small dash at that toddy—will you?'

'Mr. Smith,' said Fearless, reprovingly, 'I am surprised no less at your propensity for strong drink, than at your brusque mode of communicating to your ship-mates an unpleasant piece of intelligence. Mr. Jenkins, I desire that you will make the same announcement to us, in language more in harmony with the 'concord of sweet sounds' that has just fallen from the lips of our friend Jones.'

Thus adjured, forgetting the vow made at the pistol's mouth, I gave vent to:

'THE moon has risen, and her modest ray  
Doth lull the tempest to a gentle wind:  
Our frigate now speeds gayly on her way,  
Careering onward, gracefully inclined;  
And long ere morning Father NEPTUNE's spray,  
And green-haired mermaids, will be left behind.  
'All hands bring ship to anchor!' BLAZES cries:  
'All hands bring ship to anchor!' GARR replies.'

'Dat's berry good *poltry* indeed, Mr. *Jinkins*!' cried Scouse, who was standing in the *country*,\* leaning against the steerage door; 'and is jes like some I hearn a Jamaiky nigger make once dat went dis er way:

'DERE's one little ting what dey callee de jigger,  
He git in de heel and he bite de poor nigger:  
Oh! row!

'Dere's noder black ting what dey callee de flee,  
He ston on de groun, and jump high as de knee.  
Oh! row!

'Dere's noder——'

But what that other remarkable 'ting' was, concerning whose peculiarities we were about to be enlightened, the world must ever remain in doubt, inasmuch as the caterer of our mess cut short the 'Jamaiky nigger's muse, by directing Scouse to 'repair forthwith to the gun-deck and see that the stock were clear of the cables before the anchor was let go.' Grinning from ear to ear, our sable friend rejoined: 'Yah, yah, yah! Mr. Cushin', yer is so quar! Yer'll be de deff of dis ere darkie some ob dese days, and dat's a sarcumstantial fac! Jes to hearn you now sotting up dar talkin' so gron about de *stock*, when yer *knows* dere's only one ole hen left, and *she don got de pip*! Yah, yah, yah!'

As the Ethiopian ceased speaking and *chuckling*, he swallowed a glass of grog, presented to him by Fearless, while we hurried on deck to our stations. And thus ended 'Saturday night' in the steerage, with its 'poltry' and its prose.

A half-hour after this, we anchored for the night inside of Cape Henry, and by dusk the next evening, the 'Shenandoah' was snugly moored off Norfolk, between 'Town Point' and the 'Naval Hospital.'

\* The space between the steerages is called 'the country.'

## T H E B R A V E O L D E L M .

In the town of Sheffield, Massachusetts, stands an elm of immense size, and exquisite symmetry, under whose branches a gathering of the inhabitants of the town, and of numerous friends from abroad, annually occurs. The occasion is the anniversary of 'The Old Tree Association,' and is one of general hilarity and interchange of sentiment and humor. The following lyric was written for the meeting of 1857:

THE song of the Elm — the brave old Elm !  
 With its lofty and massive form,  
 And its arms that swing like the ponderous helm  
 Of the racking and roaring storm :  
     Sang the proud old tree  
     The song of the free,  
 And its voice the deep base of the billowy sea.

AIR : *'Hail to the Chief.'*

BENEATH my green shelter, oh ! gather, ye mortals !  
 The matron and maiden, the son and the sire ;  
 It is not through marble and sculpture-wrought portals  
 That here ye ascend the gay halls of desire.  
     Fresher the breeze that sweeps,  
     Sweeter the rest that sleeps  
 'Mid the dense verdure that fringes my boughs :  
     Nobler the thoughts that roam  
     Forth from my leafy dome,  
 Laurels to earn for the quietist's brows.

Years in the past have grown mistful and hoary,  
 Since first my germ broke the earth's virgin mould :  
 Spring's dawning splendor, and Summer's bright glory,  
 The sadness of Autumn, and Winter's grim cold ;  
     These nursed my infancy,  
     These my maturity  
 Welcomed, and joyed in their heaven-ordered thrall :  
     'Mid the deep, silent wood,  
     Happy in solitude,  
 Heard I for ages the desert-bird's call.

Oft the lone red man, beneath me reclining,  
 Sharpened the arrow, deceiving afar ;  
 Or, to his mate, when the moon-beam was shining,  
 Told his wild legends of love and of war,  
     Till the pale-faces came,  
     Blotting his ancient name,  
 Marring the vale with the axe and the fire :  
     Down went the forest tall,  
     Ruined its glories all,  
 Pulseless the desert heart, tuneless its lyre.

And now to my shade come the sons of the foeman,  
 And bring to my honor their tribute of song ;  
 The laughter of youth, and the bright eye of woman,  
 The ripeness of age, and the strength of the strong.  
     Welcome, admiring friends !  
     For your kind offering lends  
 Cheer to your pilgrimage on to the grave :

Brief is your joyous scene,  
 Soon 'neath the turf so green  
 Moulders the dust of the fair and the brave.

Here, as *ye* change, live *I* on in my glory:  
 My rain-jewels flash in the lightning's red glare;  
 The breeze bathes a brow which no years have made hoary,  
 And I laugh at the tempest that racks the mad air.  
 Heaven's bolt with fury thrown,  
 Or the fell steel, alone  
 Can trail my crown in the dust of the plain:  
 Ages shall roll along,  
 Ere one as staunch and strong  
 Mortals shall see in my likeness again.

c.

*Stockbridge, (Massachusetts.)*

## A F E W P A G E S F R O M R E A L L I F E .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

WHEN I look back on my own past life, through a long vista of years, I see roses at times not unmingled with thorns, hours of sorrow and sadness with those of gladness and joy. It seemed to me that my youth was one continual struggle, for I had few friends or advisers to aid me in the battle of life, or to point out the road that leads to success. Early left to my own thoughts and actions, I learned early to think and act independently. It seems to me that I have known but little of youth, or even of childhood; for as long as I can well remember, I had that same plodding, castle-building disposition, at the same time laboring under an extreme sensitiveness, which at times, especially in early life, has been the cause of much unhappiness. Through what I then thought good management, at the age of twenty-two I found myself established in a commercial business in what was then, and is now, one of our largest Western cities. Though lacking confidence in almost every thing else, I had even too much in my business affairs; for at every opportunity I continued to enlarge my business. For the first two years every thing went on smoothly as one could wish; bills were always met at maturity, and my credit and reputation as a business man were among the best; and I was looked upon as a 'strictly honorable man;' and how I prized that name which, to a business man, is, or should be, almost as dear as life itself! Yes, I was proud of the position I occupied, and could look back upon those who had started in life far in advance of me, those whom I thought, only a few years before had looked upon my humble sphere and talents with derision, (an erroneous conclusion,) whom in my jealous anger I had resolved to circumvent, plodding slowly far behind me. But the sun of prosperity could not always shine upon one as inexperienced as myself: the blow came at last.



A storm arose in the commercial horizon, one of those sudden reverses that seem bound to happen at certain intervals. I was not prepared for it; for every inch of canvas was spread to its fullest extent, and, what was worse, a pilot almost utterly inexperienced stood at the helm, where, at such a time, it needs an old hand and a clear head to steer clear of the breakers that appear on every side; yet I struggled strongly and bravely long after all reasonable hope was past. How in the agony of the moment I grasped at straws! I could not give it up. I pictured to myself the jeers of those whom I thought my rivals, of the entire loss of confidence on the part of those who had confided in my honor and honesty. No, I could never again meet them face to face without a blush of shame burning on my cheek, and never again be a man among men. I even forgot her on whom all my plans for future life had centred, she who had been so closely interwoven in my day-dreams that she had almost seemed a part of my own identity; for she could never share the poverty, or be the associate of, a ruined and heart-sick man.

As the state of my affairs was approaching the climax, a false step on the part of my head-clerk placed them beyond the hope of redemption. Even now, though many long years have passed since then, I look back with a shudder on the horrors of that awful night, the dawn of which was to show me forth to the world a bankrupt. Sleep came not to my eyes that night; but all night long I walked the floor of my chamber. Even death would have been a welcome messenger. But I will not describe my feelings farther. He, and he only, that has passed on the same road, can fully realize what they were.

The bloodhounds of the law were soon set upon my track by some of the most resentful of my New-York creditors, urged on by personal spite. Well, too well, did they perform their duty — that of rendering my ruin still more complete. By their management, I saw my assets continually decreasing, until the proceeds paid but a small percentage on my indebtedness. Sick at heart, and entirely discouraged, life became a burden. My future looked terribly dark and frowning; and in whatever direction I cast my eyes, not a single ray of hope seemed to lighten my pathway. I thought the world looked coldly upon me, and haughtily did I endeavor to return its glances. Thus, long months dragged themselves heavily along, until one day I sat down and summed up my prospects. They were poor indeed, thought I; but in another land, far off, away from all old associations, I will strive to build up another fortune and a name. But again, thought I, are there no ties that bind me to my native land? A sigh from the innermost recesses of my soul was the answer; for my mind reverted to the many happy moments I had spent with her whom I had almost worshipped. It had been nearly a year since my failure, and during that time I had never called upon her, and very seldom met her; and even when I did, I was cold, polite, and reserved; for, in my pride, I thought she wished to shun me, and to break off our acquaintance entirely. How often did I pass the place of her residence for the purpose of catching a fugitive glance of her, yet fearing to cast my eyes in that direction, when I did so; and I confessed that I felt a jealous pang when rumor told me she was about to

marry a young man of fortune, whom of late I knew to have been very officious. But what right, thought I, have I to control her thoughts or actions? — for there had no word passed between us that would indicate any thing more than friendship, even in my most prosperous days. What could I now expect or demand? It is true I had loved her almost to adoration, for she was a truly noble and beautiful being. Though singularly retired and sensitive, she possessed talents and accomplishments that are seldom equalled, and a warm, true, and loving heart. Religion had cast its softening and ennobling influence upon her character; not the religion of sectarian bigotry, but that which enables its possessor to feel at peace with his MAKER and his fellow-man. At times, doubts with regard to a future existence would invade my thoughts, which even one of her sweet gentle smiles would dispel; for it seemed to me that a faith so pure and fervent as hers could not be groundless. Yes, there *was* one tie to bind me to earth, and to my country. I will see her once more; will tell her of my love, my hopes, and my sorrows; will tell her all — be happy for an hour: though she may scorn me, yet even her presence will be happiness. Then we will part forever.

Full of such thoughts, I arose, with a heart somewhat lightened, and wended my way toward the residence of her father, which was in a distant part of the city. I passed the house twice before I could muster courage enough to raise the knocker, which I did with a trembling hand. A servant ushered me into the parlor, and in answer to my inquiry, informed me that Miss M — was in. The few moments that I was alone, seemed to me to be an age; my heart beat as though it would tear itself asunder, and I half wished I had not ventured. The door slowly opened, and Miss M — entered, looking quite pale, yet it seemed to me more beautiful than I had ever before seen her.

‘You have been quite a stranger,’ said she, as, advancing, she cordially took my hand; ‘we feared you had entirely forgotten us.’

I made an awkward apology for not having called before, for I felt so embarrassed that I scarcely knew what I was saying. I soon saw that the embarrassment was mutual; for she was almost as much so as myself, and our conversation was, for a while, any thing but connected and fluent. After a long, awkward pause, I again ventured to speak:

‘Miss M —,’ said I, in a voice so strange that I could hardly believe that it was my own. Again I paused. She slightly blushed, while a melancholy and inquiring look took possession of her features. I went on, and soon recovered my self-possession. I told her of my early struggles, of my youthful thoughts and aspirations, of my ambition and success, and at last had seen the plans that I had laid for future life, dashed down, one after another, seemingly forever. Then I told her of the love that I had so sacredly cherished for three long years; how that she had seemed even dearer than life itself; how that in hours of sadness, sorrow, and despair, her gentle spirit seemed to hover over me like a guardian angel, and pointing to heaven, bid me hope; and now that misfortune had placed its heavy hand upon me, I feared that I must aspire no more, even to her friendship, and learn to forget her forever; how that even when we met, I thought she wished to avoid me. I asked her pardon for my intrusion, and for my boldness, and promised

that in future it should be so no more ; for, in a foreign land, I would endeavor to bury all remembrance of the past. As I closed, in a voice almost a whisper, my eyes met hers, and I saw that they were filled with reproachful tears.

‘We have both erred in our opinions of each other,’ said she in a subdued voice ; ‘but yours has been by far the greatest. How, for years, have I intently watched your striving after wealth and honor, and nightly have I prayed for your success and happiness. There were times when I feared that, in your ambitious prospects, you not only forgot me, but your God. I loved you before misfortune overtook you ; I love you even better now, for I feel that you need both love and consolation. But lately you have treated me coldly, very coldly.’

Again her eyes met mine ; and what love and purity did there shine from their dark depths. Almost unconsciously did I draw her to my side, and for minutes not a word was spoken ; but the very silence spoke volumes. Her eyes were downcast, and her happiness seemed almost to equal my own.

‘Emma,’ said I, ‘will you be my wife when the sun of prosperity shall again shine upon me ; or am I asking too much, too great a sacrifice ? — for I am poor, and the world may not look kindly upon me ; yet I will give you my whole heart, and will toil cheerfully onward, feeling that there is one to share my success, and to cheer my sorrows.’

‘I will be your wife,’ said she slowly, and with emphasis, ‘if it is your wish, although in every thing I am far poorer than you think me. Where your home is, there shall mine be also. Your joys and sorrows shall be mine : and will we not be one in thought, one in feeling ? Let us bury the past in oblivion, and on another page, fairer and brighter in the journal of human life, let the future be recorded. Let us not be discouraged, but trust in PROVIDENCE, hope in the future, and do what we can !’ When we parted that night, I was an altered man.

How bright and beautiful the sun shone next morning : all Nature seemed glad : how changed from yesterday ! Those who had frowned yesterday, smiled to-day. I *was* happy !

Taking courage, I gave my affairs a more careful examination than I had done before, and found them in a much better situation than I had supposed ; and in a month, though I had not paid any of my debts, I had made arrangements, so that I could start anew. Day after day, and month after month, did I cheerfully toil ; and how well was I rewarded by the smiles and encouragements of her, who indeed had proved herself my ‘guardian angel.’ How sweet, after hours of business, to seek her company ; those, it seems to me, were the most happy moments of my whole life. In two years I had paid the last cent I owed ; and how my heart bounded with joy as I received a receipt in full. A few months after this we were married ; and though we were comparatively poor in worldly possessions, we were rich in hope, and rich in the possession of our mutual love.

For more than two-score years we have travelled along life’s rugged road together ; and when I look back upon the past, I thank my God that mine has been a happy lot ; for troubles in early life have only made me better able to appreciate the happiness of after-years. Yes,

I thank HIM for sending me one who has indeed proved herself a blessing ; for without her words of consolation and love, I shudder to think what I might have been. PROVIDENCE has blessed us with a great sufficiency of this world's goods, and with the love and honor of our fellow-mortals. The love which we bear toward each other is pure, and free from dross, for it was tried in the furnace of affliction.

They tell us that we are getting old ; that more than three-score years begin to streak our hair with gray : yet *her* heart is as young and as warm as when we first plighted our vows of mutual love. Onward we are journeying, hand in hand together, and we feel that our earthly pilgrimage is drawing near its close ; but with 'joy and perfect faith' do we look forward to the time when earth shall afford us no more pleasures, and when we shall repose from our labors in that world where grief never comes, and 'where parting shall be no more.'

F. S. S.

L I F E I N D E A T H .

WE walked the grand old halls  
From whose walls,  
In the golden sunset's wane,  
Looked down the pride of Spain,  
Whom the pencil's magic dyes,  
Warm as Andalusian skies,  
Had embalmed, in age or prime,  
For all time.

Far round, from antique frames,  
Courtly dames,  
Señoritas, young and bright,  
(Conscious queens in beauty's right),  
Sceptred monarch, kneeling page,  
Mitred priest, and civic sage,  
Knight, and bard of famous lays,  
Met our gaze.

In this presence of the dead,  
Then I said  
To my cowed and hoary guide :  
What a dream is human pride !  
Life's poor sands, how few and fast !  
Painted phantoms of the past,  
How your lips of vanished breath  
Whisper DEATH !

'Ah ! no, my son ; no, no !  
Say not so !'  
The old man sadly sighed :  
This is life to life denied !  
These are victors over DEATH,  
Hence to breathe immortal breath !  
We the dreams, the phantoms we :  
*Ay de mi !*

W. P. P.

## M Y F R I E N D ' S L E G A C Y .

My friend P — was but one or two years my senior ; yet there always seemed to be a much greater disparity between our ages. It was in the school-days of our mid-boyhood that we became acquainted. I know not what first drew us together, unless it was the marked difference of our dispositions ; for more opposite mental polarities never existed. He seemed to stand apart from the other boys ; was *among* rather than *of* them. Yet it was not through any thought of superiority, for a more unselfish heart never beat than my friend P —'s. His features, though regular, were not handsome, at least, not when in repose ; but whenever he spoke, a smile naturally awoke upon his countenance, and that smile was singularly attractive. It was that which first caught my attention ; and through long years of separation it has ever haunted my thoughts of him and our early bosom-friendship. He was pensive, almost melancholy, and his mind was above his years. I was fond of play, careless of the present and thoughtless of the future ; yet he could ever draw me from my sport, to sit apart with him upon a grassy bank in the forest's edge, and dream day-dreams, while the quiet flow of our tongues, like the murmuring of mountain brooks, made the surrounding solitude more real.

We entered college together. As the quadrennium drew to a close, the blight of disease fell upon my friend. It was not with him as with many, intensity of study that cast a paleness upon his cheek, daily more apparent even to me, and that lighted an unnatural brilliancy in his eye ; for to his intellect college tasks were but a recreation, and he communed with nature more than with books ; but consumption was an heir-loom in his family, and he was already left sole inheritor.

There grew a sadness upon his smile, but it was like that sadness which is the 'shadow of joy upon the soul.' He loved to talk with me of death, and that calmly and hopefully.

His physician prescribed sea-air. We parted at the wharf as he stepped on board a packet bound for Havre. In the parting pressure of the hand I felt that the friendship of years was concentrated, for I scarcely hoped to look upon his face again. But he fixed upon me that sweet smile, while his eye seemed to have caught an augury of the future, as he said : 'No, Charles, not the last — we shall meet once more.'

That strange look and sweet smile ! My thoughts dwelt upon them as my eyes mechanically followed the parting ship, till the outline of sail and spar were mingled, and still they were with me as, alone, and lonely but for them, I turned homeward. Were they prophetic ? Spoke he of another world ? No, we *have* met again, and — too true, alas ! was the word — but once.

He wrote me from ship-board and again from his port of destination. He was weary with the voyage, and wanted rest. I do not think he went to Paris. He had little admiration of the French character, and cared not to see their palaces.

I heard from him next as he was wandering by the storied Rhine. His health was better, and he spoke hopefully of the future. He was at Heidelberg, and he would write me, he said, from Baden.

I received nothing more. Nearly a year had passed ; and I had come to think of him tenderly, as having closed his eyes to sleep among the sunny vine-fields of the Fatherland, near the gliding of the gentle Rhine, while foreign hands had soothed his parting hours and a stranger eye had wept the sympathy which should have been a friend's.

I saw one day the report of a lunatic asylum, and among the names of its inmates, my glance fell upon that of my friend P ——. Even the initials were the same. I looked upon it as a coincidence — nothing more. Yet the thought haunted me that I must go and see this wreck of a shattered mind — this maniac duplicate of my friend.

It was not long before I carried my purpose into effect. As I gave my name at the entrance, the superintendent fastened his eyes upon me with a look of interest, and said : ' Yes, you wish to see P —— : he said you would come to-day.'

A strange foreboding seized my mind, and as I followed him through the long corridor, my heart almost ceased its pulsations, and it seemed as if the mysterious influence of the place was stealing over me and closing round me as a new victim. My guide led me to a door which, with a motion to tread softly — a warning little needed — he gently opened. Two or three attendants were standing beside a bed on which was lying a pale, emaciated form, which, as I entered, rose and sat upright. I stood face to face with my friend P ——. There was a strange brightness in his eye, but it was not the brightness of madness. That had passed. And that same sweet smile ; but oh ! how thrilling ! It was as if his pale, thin face were grown transparent, and the very spirit was gazing through. He extended his hand, saying : ' I knew you would come ; I could not die without it.'

A sudden shivering seized upon his frame, and he fell back. I threw myself upon the bed and raised his head upon my bosom. He smiled faintly and essayed to speak, but the fountain of speech was dry. A moment — a gasp — a convulsive tremor — and, his head pillowed upon my breast, his thin hand clasping mine, the spirit of my friend passed from its shattered tenement. Yet there *was* a look which was not for me ; a glance of recognition, which was directed to no visible form ; a quickening of the pulse, which was more than a momentary rallying of exhausted nature.

He was laid to rest in no populous cemetery, to be visited by careless eyes and ungentle footsteps ; but in a quiet spot — does it matter where ? 'T is close by that I have chosen for myself whenever I shall be called to lie beside him ; and it is large enough for three — one at his right hand.

From his attendants I learned that his madness had come upon him while mid-way on the ocean during his return voyage ; that upon his arrival he had been brought thither by a gentleman, a fellow-passenger, who had become deeply interested in him on ship-board ; further clue to the mystery they were unable to give, but placed in my hands a



sealed manuscript and package, the former of which he had written during lucid intervals of the last three days, when his delirium subsiding as his body weakened, reason had at times resumed her throne.

I opened first the package. Within it was a plain gold locket, containing the miniature of a most lovely female. Her features were of an Italian cast; but her tender blue eyes and sunny hair indicated that she was a daughter of the pleasant Rhine-land. Another spring revealed a golden ringlet curling around a withered rose-bud.

The manuscript was addressed to me, and gave a token in the abruptness of its sentences and its scarce-legible character, that it emanated from a brain perturbed, 'like sweet bells jangled out of tune.' It ran as follows:

'My friend, you will read this, and you will see me once more; did I not say *once*? I knew it—I know it, though I know not where you are. You are thinking of me now. I hear your footsteps! but not hither, not yet!

'They do not tell me where I am—ah, ha! they *need* not: I read it in their eyes, I breathe it in this air! I may have been mad, for it is all a troubled dream—but not now; no, I am calm, though my brain aches, aches, and my breath is a burden, and I am dizzy, like one pulled by a rude hand from brief sleep.

'I will tell you all while yet I can: it may come again, that fearful dream! But O my FATHER! if THOU dost take part, take all! leave me not again a rudderless wreck of the soul! THOU wilt not. FATHER, I bless THEE!

'I will tell you all. It was on the other side of that dark, staggering valley—O that valley of Night!—on the other side, where the sun shone. I know not how long ago; was it months or years? I was walking by the Rhine. It was early summer then, and now the air is wintry. I climbed a crag by the river-brink to gaze at the tints of sun-set on the water. The rock loosened with me, and I fell.

'I woke and found myself lying on a bed in a little room, with the curtains drawn, to mellow the glare of day. I woke to a consciousness of pain, throbs shooting through every limb. A hurried whisper, a gentle step, and the door closed. I raised my head, and my eyes met those of a kind-hearted surgeon, who was anxiously scrutinizing my countenance. He said it had been a chance; the crisis was past; I must sleep again, and motioned silence.

'They told me the next day that I had been found at the foot of the cliff, bruised and senseless. The weeks and months that followed, were they weary? for an angel was with me. O Nina! O my soul! Charles, I saw her yester-night, and she stood by my bed-side, and she put her hand in mine—she put her hand in mine! and it turned to ice—*ice*! And she was farther from me, and she looked so tenderly and smiled so sweetly; and she sang, and the song is stamped upon my brain!

'THE winds rush all, and the clouds drift all,  
And the waves run over the sea:  
And with faith that is fearless and hope that is tearless,  
I'm watching and waiting for thee, dear love,  
I watch and I wait for thee!



'And the snow is driving over the plains :  
 'Tis my shroud : but dost thou see ?  
 I've a softer bed for thy weary head  
 When thou com'st to be with me, dear love,  
 When thou com'st to be with me.

'The whistling breeze sweeps over the trees,  
 Its voice full well I know :  
 It calls for me and it calls for thee,  
 And soon and soon we will go, dear love,  
 And soon and soon we will go !'

'And it was dark again, and I saw nothing. But she waits for me ;  
 and soon and soon we will go !

'I am very calm now. Take my hand and lead me back through the shadows, for I would be blind to them, till we come back to those sunny days, and I will tell you of their blessedness. It was Nina's hand that moistened my sick brow, it was her step that guided me when health began to flow through my veins once more. Health ! would that I had never known it again, but when so near, had passed gently beyond, with the joy of her smile resting upon me, and not this bitter anguish ; how can we tell if it be 'better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all' ? Ah ! well ; be calm, O self ! — not long — not long !

'We walked and talked together, wandering over the castled hills. Her sweet German accents held a music the language never knew before ; and then she would talk in still sweeter broken English, till the ripples of laughter staid her utterance ; while I now loved best a stranger tongue, and now discovered strange sweetness in my own. And we walked upon the river-banks ; and, on calm days, in our little boat slowly paddled over the waveless surface, or floated gently with the current. The Rhine has no more pleasure in its name for me — it sounds hoarse and rough ; only when I think of those dear days, could I but banish that last, that fatal one, it were as melodious as its own murmuring. Could I but banish that last ; O my God ! must memory forever curse me ? I will be calm. Well, one day I had taken in my paddle, and we were scarce perceptibly drifting downward. I was easily wearied, for my frame was weak, and she pillowed my head upon her bosom, while I closed my eyes and listened to a long, wild legend of the Brocken ; how the giant shape that dwells upon its summit was once a monarch among men, and was now atoning for his tyranny and deeds of blood by days and nights of ceaseless vigil ; and how to those who knew how to read his mystic signs aright, he foretold of the future, and warned of wars to come, or heralded returning peace.

'But with sudden cry she pointed me to the edge of the cliff above. Black, black clouds, lighted with lightning flashes, were rolling over it, and the storm was already upon the waters. In a moment the driving gusts and driven waves reached us together, and our frail nautilus was overturned before them like scattered leaves before November's wind. I brought my Nina to the shore, but she was cold — drowned, my Nina, drowned ! Oh ! the darkness that fell upon me — that sealed my vision and quenched my reason ! and it is a blank, till a ray of

garish light broke upon me, and they told me she was to be buried, and I followed them and heard the earth thrown in.

'I am very calm. After a while I told them I would go back to my own land again. I put on a calmness, and I covered close the flame that was burning my heart, and they thought I was well. But they urged me to stay till April should come again. I would not—I knew them: I could read their thoughts; they hated me because I had killed their child! I do not think so now. I went, and they blessed me at parting.

'I had seen the sun set seven times upon the ocean. One night a wet hand was laid upon my forehead, and cold wet tresses fell upon my cheek, and Nina was beside me! In the morning every body looked strange at me, but Nina was there, and she beckoned me on, and on, and I followed, and I would have gone to her as she sat upon the waves and smiled and beckoned me on! but they held me back; and it is all a blank again!'

Thus abruptly the ms. closed. It was on the last day of the year that my friend P—— died. And it is with me a sacred though mournful pleasure, as with each passing year the anniversary recurs, to unfold and read these pages that bear the last impress of his fading mind; to unclasp this locket and gaze upon the features of the unknown one who dwelt beyond the sea, but who was dear to one who was dear to me.

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T H E J E W A N D T H E P O E T .

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FROM THE GERMAN.

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As a Jew once, and a Poet,  
Gazed, with earnest admiration,  
On the heavenly lights, I listened,  
And o'erheard their conversation :

'Oh! that yonder stars — those myriads —  
Real shining dollars were;  
And that all, the Great JEHOVAH  
Would, unclipped, on me confer!'

'Oh! that to my ardent longings,  
Wings for flight sublime were given;  
I would soar aloft, and hear the  
Spherical harmonies of Heaven!'

As the Jew and Poet uttered  
Thus their heart's sincere confession,  
Each a glance cast on the other,  
Full of scorn beyond expression.

HORACE RUBLES.

## B R A D D O C K ' S   D E F E A T .

BY L. E. VICKROY.

## I.

THE noon-day sun of fierce July  
Blazed over vale and wood,  
Where fair Monongahela's stream  
Pours down her limpid flood,  
And there, in all their bright array,  
The ranks of BRADDOCK stood.

## II.

They could not choose but pause awhile  
To gaze upon that scene :  
The earth smiled in the gladsome light,  
The skies were so serene,  
And blazoned banners gayly danced  
The waving boughs between.

## III.

But midst that summer solitude,  
And stillness so profound,  
Full many a gallant soldier's glance  
Stole cautious o'er the ground,  
For well they know the wily foe  
E'en now may lurk around.

## IV.

But proudly beamed their leader's eye,  
To mark his goodly train,  
And cheerily he spake : ' We go  
A victory to gain ;  
For, by Saint GEORGE, I mean this night  
To sup in Fort Du Quesne.

## V.

' And seek ye not, my merry men,  
An ambush or a shield,  
Among the sheltering underwood ;  
But in the open field,  
Show to the French and savage brood  
A band that will not yield !'

## VI.

Ah ! little did he dream of what  
A moment might disclose !  
For ere his words had died away  
The deafening war-whoop rose,  
And each man saw the forest aisles  
All peopled with his foes.

## VII.

Oh! dreadful was the slaughter then!  
And brave hearts quaked to see  
An avalanche of arrows shower  
From every greenwood tree,  
Blent with the horrid roar and fire  
Of French artillery.

## VIII.

One moment are the English troops  
Repulsed, and backward fall:  
A moment more they rally at  
Their leader's trumpet call;  
'Tis vain, they do but see their ranks  
Soldier by soldier fall.

## IX.

Tumultuous and terrible  
The battle storm sweeps on,  
Till many a noble form is low  
And many a spirit gone:  
That scene the pitying angels well  
Might weep to look upon.

## X.

Misguided BRADDOCK lives to see  
His ruinous defeat,  
But mortal pangs forbid him e'er  
His vaunting words repeat,  
As his few followers bear him on  
Their swift confused retreat.

## XI.

Nor shrank that warrior spirit then,  
To join the mighty dead,  
Where naught might break the silence deep  
About his lonely bed,  
Save the wild wolf's or panther's cry,  
Or Indian's stealthy tread.

## XII.

Perchance he sighed that England's shores  
He might not see again,  
As faithful memory recalled  
Sweet shade and sunny lane,  
Loved long ago: but what were these  
To the o'ermastering pain:

## XIII.

That not one gleam of triumph shone  
Above life's ebbing tide,  
And that no victor's wreath might crown  
His forehead as he died,  
*Hero* of that disastrous day,  
*Martyr* to his own pride?

*Johnstown, (Pa.,) 1857.*

## M Y R E S U R R E C T I O N M O R N .

## AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

THE old man was bending with sorrowful face over the grave before him, upon the head-stone of which were carved these words :

‘ THOMAS NOLAND ,  
AGED 21 YEARS.’

‘ Here is my regeneration,’ said the old man looking up ; ‘ here is the cause of my being regenerated. *His* death made a man of me, who before had been but a beast, and a savage one at that. Only half the years of my manhood have I been a man. I was never the man God made me for, till I was over forty years of age. When poor Tommy here died, I became what I am now. Till that time I hoarded up all my gains, and did not give away a cent to the poor. Since then a fortune has slipped through my hands for the benefit of others, and this has made me think I am a better being than before. PROVIDENCE ordered it all for the best, I suppose.’

The old man paused. We asked him to explain his meaning, and who this Tommy was, that he should have wrought such a change in him. He spoke about as follows :

‘ That you may understand me, I will tell you my story. It may not be very interesting to you. But could you once experience what I have undergone, as I shall relate it to you, you would call it a good story. I like to remember it, and tell it, for it seems like the story of one’s birth-day ; and then, now that I ’m a man, I like to think of poor Tommy, who can scarcely feel thankful for my sympathy after he’s buried, seeing that I refused the poor fellow my friendship and aid while living. Many times I’ve wished him alive, that I might give him the education he so much desired. Then, too, he would be so much pleased to see the money I’ve spent for educational purposes, in the way of public and private donations. I know he thought me a cold-hearted man, and a miser. Now, if he lived, he might rejoice in my poverty, not that he would wish me poor, but it might evince a liberal spirit on my part, this change of fortune, which it would please him to contemplate. But we cannot call back the dead. Neither can we live over a lifetime. Could we do this, I would live a far different life, for do you know that I think he who keeps back the money from the poor and needy can hardly be said to live at all ? Could I be born again in this world, I should truly hope my life would be unstained by the rust of silver and gold, that I might be generous and liberal, a man through my whole course of manhood. But now to my story.

‘ In my youth I was apprenticed to a toll-gatherer, upon yonder bridge. I was to stay with him till I was twenty-one years of age, when, so I was led to hope, I should have the place my master now occupied. My expectations were more than realized ; for before I had reached my twentieth year, my employer died, and my faithfulness to duty recom-

mended me to take his place at that early day. So I was installed in the office by the owners of the bridge. I was to be paid a good salary, and was to receive it in this way: I was to get just enough for present purposes in money, and the remainder I was to take up in shares in the bridge. I have many times since been sorry that I ever consented to this arrangement.

'After that my whole aim was to save all the money I could. In early years I was noted for my liberality. Now all was changed. I wished to own the bridge of which now I only had the care. So I made up my mind to live as cheaply as possible. I bought my own food, the cheapest food I could possibly live upon, and boarded myself. I was determined that living should cost me a mere trifle, and so it did. Nearly all my wages were saved in this way. By reckoning, I had found that in a few years I should own a good share of the property over which I had charge. In a few years longer, the bridge might *all* fall into my hands, by shrewd management and speculation. Thus I got into the way of hoping, and this was my only ambition. What were friends to me after that? I resolved to give all up, and live only in my own company, and for my own precious self.

'So, day after day I sat in my little office on the bridge, taking the money from passers-by, counting the gains of the bridge-owners, and dreaming that these same gains should one day be mine, wholly mine. This was my enjoyment; this was my whole pleasure. Every copper I took from the extended palm seemed as something fit to play a smile over my sorry-appearing face. Every footstep that I heard faintly in the distance seemed to promise something for my out-stretched hand; and if my expectations were fulfilled, an involuntary 'thank you,' escaped me, as if the copper coin were the only thing that could pull successfully at my heart-strings. But often I was doomed to be disappointed in this, for anon a yearly payer would pass me, without noticing the scowl that crept over my countenance. Then I would set to work to find out how much we lost by allowing people to pay by the year. I counted the times one man crossed the bridge under the yearly toll, and reckoning from that, found that if we took toll for every passage, we should be more than four times as well off at the end of the year. This was bad; but the bridge was not all mine, so I could not raise the toll if I liked.

'My duty as toll-gatherer was not called hard. My predecessor had made well, and did n't labor much either. Beside my regular salary, I had allowed me enough to pay for a clerk or chore-boy. But I found that I could lay up nearly one-third more by dispensing with all these little helps. I therefore turned off my clerk after I had been gatherer for a year or so, and did all the work myself. I had therefore to be at my post early and late. All the dirty work I had to do myself, such as sweeping the bridge and keeping the lights in order. This was all the *labor* I had to do. Nearly all the time was spent in the pleasant employment of taking coppers and silver from the people who passed my office. On wet or very hot days our money did n't flow in so rapidly; but then I spent my time in thinking of the future, and felt content

with the thought, at least my bridge property was steadily increasing in amount and value.

‘Every night, after ten o’clock, (for I did n’t shut up till the last copper was very sure to be in,) I counted out the day’s receipts, and passed stealthily from the office to my lodging. This was nearly the whole routine of my life.

‘Well, time passed on, but slowly, far too slowly for my impatient avarice. I busied all my spare time in counting the years, ay, the months, and almost the days, that were dividing me from my desired object. The day was not long enough for me to think of this, so I passed many a wakeful night conjuring up means to hurry along the goal that I was to reach. Yet the long weeks seemed to lag at my heels, and I longed for a speedier passage. Thus the long years were spent, till I was almost forty years of age, and from young experience in the troubles of pecuniary affairs, my hair began to turn gray.

‘I have said that I cared nothing for friends. This feeling of coldness grew more and more upon me, till, year by year, I seemed to be passing to a state of stony hardness. At last my affection, what little I had, seemed altogether extinguished, and it almost gave place to a hatred of all my former friends. I only loved the almighty dollar, and that I loved with a desperation that made me cling to it, and fear that every one who shook me by the hand, or seemed to approach me with a friendly smile, was bidding for a portion of my gains. So, day by day my love for money increased, and my hatred for all mankind became more and more intense.

‘Of relatives I had but very few to dread. One of my sisters had married a man in humble circumstances. The world called him a good man, but I could not see why. He resolved upon giving his only son an education, if it took his last cent, and Thomas was bent on having knowledge. Every time his father crossed the bridge I bent my pitying eyes upon him, to think any one should be so much of a fool as to think of educating a son in his poor condition. I feared every time he crossed would be the last he was able to pay for, so I dunned him often for pay, though he was to pay but yearly. Whole days I spent in dreading to see the face of my beggarly relatives. And often did I go to my lonely bed, fancying I was followed thither by the famished form of Thomas, asking for enough money to pay a quarter’s tuition, or even for a small bit of food. Nights I dreamed of debts that my property would have to pay for his benefit. His creditors seemed to chase me wherever I turned. And my only hope was, that I should be rid of these wretched hangers-on to my purse-strings.

‘Well, so time passed laggardly along, till Thomas was about twenty years old. Then the idea began to haunt me, that something of a present would be expected from me, for his name’s sake, for I had it to mourn that the fellow had been named for me. I dreaded the twenty-first birth-day that a year-and-a-half would bring, for in my more liberal days I had promised him a present when that day should appear. Nightmares oppressed me, in which Thomas seemed to be walking off with my purse, his father was lying back upon my money, and his mother



shone elegantly in polite society from the abundance of my bounties. All these and many more troubles oppressed me. The larger my interest grew in the bridge, the more my friends seemed to increase and hover around, when in fact I had hardly a friend in the world. But I grew firmer in the determination never to give any thing away, and especially for educating any one.

'As Thomas approached the age of manhood they said he was smart, and had a good mind. But most of all, I was forced to listen to the praises of his goodness. *He* good, and smart? I had never seen any of it. The fellow who had done nothing for his whole life, who had scarcely earned a dollar, could not be very near to perfection in either quality. But these praises were lavished upon him, while I, who had labored all my life, and who was bound to possess myself of the bridge, was left still unpraised, undisturbed in my humble disrepute. What did an education amount to? If Tom had all the learning in the world, I believed he would do nothing with it, for he was too lazy. I gave that as my opinion. Were I to die, my property would probably fall into his hands, and go to pay his foolish school-bills. At times I thought, as he passed, he cast a glance at my office, as if wishing I might die and leave him in possession of a fortune. So my hatred of the boy grew so intense that I could scarcely bear him in my sight. One day I spoke to Tom as he passed, and talked to him plainly about the matter, asking him what he thought he would ever be fit for, if he kept on in this lazy way, while others had to work. I told him he was old enough to cut his own way in the world. I told him, also, that poor folks could not expect always to be loafing; that he ought to learn a trade and be somebody, and do something. Finally I said he must not expect a cent from my hard earnings to pay his foolish debts. Tom hung his head, gave a sort of a derisive smile and passed on. Next day his father, poor benighted soul, came to request me not to speak so to his Tommy, he was so sensitive, and felt such things so much. I scoffed such an idea, of course. Softness was a sentiment not only altogether foreign to my nature, but which seemed to me as much a stranger to the whole world. But then it struck me as a streak of luck, if such a weakness did appear in Tom, for then he would n't beg of me for alms; his sensitiveness would not allow of that, certainly, now that, as his father said, he had been mortified by my talk.

'Well, Tom had entered college, poor as ever, and nothing to look to for future support. After that he used to walk the bridge every day to the halls. Once in a while I stirred up his sensitiveness by talking to him of his poverty. People told me he took it hard, but I did n't think so. To be sure, once or twice I did notice that his eyes came near watering; but it was only from madness, I thought, for I had tried to touch his anger up a little, in hope he would do something for himself. It was enough to make any one mad, who had the spirit of a man in him. But as to his crying, that was all gammon! At any rate, he still kept stubbornly in his old way. After a while, he would not stop to listen to my talk. But I was bound to conquer his stubbornness. So, every now and then I stopped him and dunned him for his toll. When he had the money he quietly submitted to the intentional insult, and

paid a small instalment ; when his pocket was empty, I took occasion to harass him on the old topic. And I even strangely contemplated raising his toll ; for, go to what extreme I might, he should not walk so proudly over my bridge, unless he paid well. Poverty's pride should pay well for its passage. It galled me that one so much below me as Tom was, should carry such a high head as he. Some said he was a very modest young man, but I thought his carriage did not denote it. And then his refusal to converse with me ! That was outrageous, for a pauper !

'About this time I heard Tom's fame as a poet among his class-mates had raised him to be class poet, and also that he had published a few pieces, which were much praised by the papers. My idea of poetry, of which trash I had not read any since I was a youth, was not raised in the least by the announcement that Tom was able to write it. His class in college must be as slim as himself, and the editors still less in my view, to notice the despicable fellow, the lazy imp ! I had n't seen any of his poetry ; but I had an idea of what it would amount to. It certainly must be weak and soft, or pompous. Beside, they said he was a good prose writer, and by these means picked up a few cents. He surely could n't get rich in this way. He had better be speculating in bridge property, or taking toll by the day !

'I did n't much wonder at his always appearing so lonely when he passed me, he was so proud and distant. It was only once in a great while that any one was seen with him ; I do n't know that I ever saw a hard-working man with him. His only companions were the sons of great men ; big bugs, as proud as himself, but who had something to be proud of, I supposed. They seemed to pet him and make a great deal of him. This was the reason that, whenever they were with him, I took my time to taunt him all I could upon his poverty. And when I afterward discovered that on moon-light nights they promenaded my bridge, I went and told them I could not allow that, unless they paid extra. Some one suggested that perhaps *there* was where Tom picked up his poetical ideas. So much the better reason why he should give an extra fee. The bridge was not for his benefit, but for mine.

'By-and-by the old man, his father, died. My first thought was, that that would be a heavy stroke upon me pecuniarily, for his wife would expect me to help her some, being her brother. This I could not do, of course. My property was rising in value every day, and I must not take away one cent more than I actually needed to supply my few wants. Tom must help his mother ; when she called on me, I told her so. The object of her visit was to get me to help bear the funeral expenses. This was ridiculous, calling on me so soon for aid, almost before the man was cold in death. I told her how matters stood. She cried and plead, as all women cry and plead ; it's a weakness they have. She was n't deaf enough to understand the world and take it as it comes, I thought. I pitied her from the bottom of my heart, she was so ignorant, I told her. Well, she left me. I next day heard that Tom had gone and got trusted for a coffin and other things, which were got up in style. The undertaker was a friend of mine, and a patron of my bridge. I knew he must suffer a loss by this. So I went and informed

him that that was my opinion. But instead of thanks for the kindness, I only got the name of being a hard-hearted wretch. No man likes to see a patron or a customer suffer a loss, and I questioned why I should be called hard-hearted for trying to aid one ! The world was surely a mystery to me !

'Sarah, that was Tom's mother, sent word requesting my attendance upon the funeral as mourner — chief mourner, or the like, I thought. I wrote back that I could not possibly afford to dress well enough to attend such an expensive affair ; and beside, business was driving, and required my attendance at the bridge more than ever. I got wind of the report some how, that Sarah took on terribly at this. Well, I did n't blame her much. It was natural she should wish the company of an only brother. To be sure I did feel a little for her ; but I stilled what little inclination there was that way, by repeating the old saying, 'Business before friends.' It had a different effect on Tom, they said. It dried his tears. This was a specimen of his tender-heartedness, was it ? But in the report there was a gleam of light, sure ; for Tom had said that he would never ask me for a cent in the world ; and that if he ever got any from me, it would come free of request ! Thought I, he won't get much, then. My heart was at rest.

'But by-and-by it was again disturbed. Sarah called on me with a proposition that I should furnish Tom with money to finish his education. After that, she said he would be able to support the family, and pay me back for my kindness. I talked to her as a candid man should talk, in my opinion at the time. I told her that Tom would never be good for any thing, and that I'd not trust a cent with him ; and that he was n't cut out for a scholar, because he had n't the money to make one. There was no use in any one trying to be a great man without money, especially one so lazy as Tom. Sarah listened to me, to my truth, as long as she could stand it, till the color rushed to her pale face like fire ; then she turned to go. That was all the thanks I got ! She did n't cry while I talked. She was too angry for that. It was my object to make her so. But I noticed she took a handkerchief from her pocket after she left, as I was taking a gentleman's toll.

'I thought *now* I'd got rid of these beggars truly. I fancied if there was any difference in the craft of beggars, those belonging to one's own family were the worse. So when I should be rid of them, I should be rid of nearly all the trouble I had at present.

'One of my family beggars was soon got rid of, but in a way that I had little expected. Sarah died the next week after our last conversation. People told about that my hard-heartedness had killed her. All a falsehood ! 'All nonsense !' exclaimed I. I, for one, did n't wonder she died. Any one would, who had such a troublesome son as Tom. *He* it was who had tried her life out of her. I caused her death ? No, no ! On the contrary, if it had n't been for me she would have died long ago ; for I sustained her all I could by my advice and counsel, in regard to her unruly son Tom. Did n't I tell her, times without number, a course that would save both him and her ? What a wretched world this must be, to show such ungratefulness to one who had tried so hard to reform it from its idle ways ! But I saw they were bound to

have it all their own way ; so I said but little against it, and this made them all the worse, of course.

‘Well, Sarah died, as I have said. Of course, I was again beset by beggars, in the shape of her neighbors, who felt for her. They had to make themselves beggars, as there was no one in her family who felt enough for her to do that. This, I thought, is an instance where one may find who are friends. He or she must be a true friend who would beg for another. Now here was a chance for Tom to show his affection for his mother, was it not ? Not he. That was not his nature. Here was a specimen of his character, which had been lauded so highly.

‘I thought I could do no less than go to the funeral as a mourner. I went. But I fancied Tom wished me away, he was so well dressed, and I looked so every-day like. So I made my way home (to my bridge) as soon after the funeral as could be. How could he who hated his mother’s brother love his mother ?

‘In a short time all thoughts of sorrow slipped my mind. All human sorrows *would* slip the mind. I remembered only one thing. It often recurred to me what a sorrowful face she wore when dead. Not that I wondered at it, of course. Oh ! no. It only caused me to curse Tom’s ungenerous, unmanly spirit. Every time I saw Tom, (which was not often now, for they said he had the blues and staid at home, which I did not think strange, seeing he had lost all his means of support,) I was reminded of it, he walked so proudly off. If *he* was a poet, I was glad *I* was not one. And then, after all this, to have them call him so meek, so stricken, was too bad — too bad.

‘All this time my mind was not kept far from the bridge property. My spare time was spent in ruminating upon and building air-castles thereon. It was increasing fast. Even so fast had it increased, that I began to fear from losses that might take place to it. It occurred to me that sorrows *do* come in a heap. What should happen to me next ? There was no friend to die for whom I cared a snap. What then ? Why, thieves might break in and steal my gold ; a fire might destroy the bridge ; or a murderer might slay me some of these nights when I was going to my room. All these thoughts entered my head, which could only contain the music of jingling coin. Thus I grew more and more in parsimony every day.

‘In less than a week from the time of Sarah’s death, they brought around a paper, subscribing money for Thomas to finish his education. They said they brought it to me first, I being his uncle, and knowing better his need. They were right there. I *did* know what he needed. He did not need my money ; at any rate, he would not get it. Not a cent should he ever have. He needed something else more than that. People must be lacking in sense, I said, to go to begging money for an able-bodied man, just in the prime of life. If they would leave the paper with me a few days, I would do what was right and needful in the case. They did so. And that same night I sat down and wrote a note to Tom, which ran about as follows :

“‘I have just seen a petition which is being passed around, begging money for you. Thinking you would resent such a move as an insult

to one who is able to earn his own bread, I send you word. Now as I have n't a cent of money for a beggar, I'll give you a little advice instead. I understand that they are in need of a clerk, one who can also do the dirty work of the same, upon one of our lower bridges. Well, the best thing for you to do, is to accept it. Do n't be above your position. Do n't feel as if you could not work, and earn an honest living. It is time you had got into some permanent business. The bridge business is the best by which to make money of, which I know. You have been flattered by people, who have told you have talent for other things. All bosh and gammon ! You are fitted for a bridge-clerk : it is natural to the family. Have n't I made money by it ? Your poor father and mother worked themselves to death for you, and now it is time for you to do a little for yourself. This seems to be your only chance of life, any how. Money makes the man, sure. It's all nonsense talking about talent, and learning, and reputation. Men must dig and lay up money, or they are nowhere. So throw off your laziness, and go to work !'

'Saturday morning I sent the letter to him, requesting an answer that night, or before, or his presence, if convenient. All day I sat upon the bridge, watching for the money that flowed fast into my pocket, and between the moments of labor, thinking what would be Tom's answer. How my letter would scatter his poetical ideas ; how it would make him forget his education at college for one upon a bridge ; how it would drive away his love for loafing, and put into him instead thereof ideas of earning his own living. But then — no ; he was too proud to come under. I knew what his answer would be. Tom would never consent to go to work. Not he. It was n't *polite*. His hands would be spoiled ; and then it would destroy his poetry. That would be a consideration, truly. No ; Tom Noland would never consent to become a clerk upon a bridge. Depend upon that.

'These thoughts occupied my mind during the day, while I kept a sort of time to them by dropping coppers into the money-drawer, which was my only music. The afternoon wore away ; it was near supper-time, and yet Tom had n't sent word, or appeared in person. What did the fellow mean ? Was this a fit way for him to serve any one who had tried to do so much for him ? While I was eating my supper, which I always took on the bridge in a time of quiet, and went without in a busy time, one of Tom's neighbors came along, who said that he thought Tom must have had some ill luck before him afresh to-day, for he was more than ever sad and broken-hearted : he looked really sick. I fancied I understood that, of course, for it made every one sad to have the truth told them once in a while. Beside, Tom was trying to decide what to do with my proposition. So I contented myself with the reflection that he would soon make his appearance, as docile as it was possible for any one to be, and offer to take the place I sought for him, with many wished-for pardons for his former behavior. But again, often I thought that he would not stoop to that. Thus my mind was more troubled and unsettled than I usually allowed it to be at such little things.

‘Evening was approaching, and yet no signs of Tom. Business was unusually dull for Saturday, so I had time for thought; and on this occasion I improved it upon the subject of Tom’s non-appearance. It was a wonder that at this time I spent so much time upon so poor a subject. I wondered at it myself; but it was so. I could not get rid of it. Perhaps the poor fellow was really stricken with grief. Perhaps, too, he was sick. It could not be that he was to follow his mother? It could not be that I was to mourn another relative so soon? Now, may be this was all to be so. Well, well, what had this to do with me? Supposing he did die; I could n’t hinder it. It was none of my bread and butter. He would be better off dead. It would be better for me, too, provided I did not have an aristocratic burial-bill to pay. Would it *pay* to let him step out if I *could* help it? May be the expense might be made slight if I could work the card. A pine coffin would not cost much. The sale of what clothes he had would pay for the other part, by economy. As to his grave-stone — well, it was a lucky thought, that the continual promise of a nice and costly monument from me, would answer in the room of a marble slab. What next? That was all, as I had him dead. But he might not die. Indeed, I *knew* he would n’t. What then? Why, his friends would be continually boring me, and begging for loans. What was one pine coffin to this, in the long run? To be sure, I need n’t give any thing to these beggars unless I chose to. But the fact was, I thought I had already spent more than time enough to buy him *two* pine coffins, in giving him advice and the like.

‘Dark was coming, and yet no Tom. Later in the evening, business was a little better; the coppers flowed in more rapidly. So I could not attend to such things. For surely, what was Tom, compared with the bridge? During a full hour, perhaps more, there was no one in the world but my bridge, myself, and my customers. My head was continually filled with politeness and good-nature toward passers-by, and my drawer was being filled with silver, whose musical harmony grew more and more every moment. But it seemed still as if the harmony would never be perfect. Was there ever perfect harmony, or was there ever a well-filled money-drawer? Alas! no! It hung between hope and fear that night, during that hour.

‘Later still in the evening, business slackened. But Thomas was not there. At ten o’clock, hardly a step was heard upon the bridge. Yet no signs of him. I did n’t know why I expected Tom. I had no reason to. But some how I would think of him in spite of myself. On the whole, however, I tried to make myself easy with the idea that he was bound to stay away from me. That would be lucky for me, certainly. But I could not settle down on that for a long time, now that I was all alone in the silence of the night.

‘The distant church clock struck eleven, and Tom had not come. Perhaps he had concluded to wait till I was at leisure, later in the evening, as he knew I stopped there to count up my week’s gains every Saturday night. I sat down to my desk, and counted, and listened. I wondered, and yet I did n’t wonder; I half-feared, and yet I really



thought I had cause to be glad. At last, my accounts were all looked to, my money was in the little bag in which I carried it to my room, and I began to make ready for a start. I waited a little longer : why, I knew not.

'Twelve o'clock was sounded in the distance ; but no Tom. It was time I was off, for I was wasting the light in the office. So I shut up and locked up every thing. Just as I was turning away from the door, I heard in the distant part of the bridge, through which I was to pass, an odd noise, as if something had fallen ; then came something like a rolling sound ; and at the same time I felt the bridge jar slightly. It startled me a little. May be, though, it was Tom, and he had fallen down. At any rate, I'd wait a little, and see if he did not come. I sat down awhile. No one came. I feared the noise came from robbers, who had come for my money. I actually trembled, and placed my hand upon the pocket which contained my money-bag. I waited longer than I expected to, or was aware of. I was waiting for no one, now, but *feared* to go.

'The clock struck one, and I was in the middle of the bridge, listening. That startled me. I pricked up my courage, knowing that I should have to go *some* time, and started on. I walked fast. You would have thought that I should keep a sharp look-out ahead. *I* thought I would when I started. But I did n't. I only cared for my money — I only had an eye for that. So I walked along with my eyes turned toward *that*, in my pocket.

'There was only one passage from the bridge after the gates were shut in the evening, which had to be entered a little way from the middle of the bridge. On my right was the large frame-work of the bridge ; on the other side was the outside wall, through the windows of which the moon shone as bright as day. I *might* have *seen* my way. But I did n't. I knew the way well enough. So I kept my head down, and walked on through the narrow walk.

'I had gained the middle of the walk. Had I looked up at all after I started, I might have seen something suspended before one of the windows, from a beam over-head, in the moon-light. As it was, I saw nothing, till my head came in contact with something that stopped me, and caused me to spring back, and clutch hard at my bag of money. *Then* I looked up. I shall never forget the feeling of horror that passed me at the sight I beheld. I released the hold of my money, and for full a minute stood staring at the sight. My position was only changed when I came to look ahead a few steps, and saw a barrel lying just where it had rolled when it had been kicked over.

'My eyes opened in a moment, and the whole truth flashed upon me. All my past life came upon me like a flash, as did that of Thomas. In a moment, almost, I felt myself a man. I turned to the open air for relief. No sooner was my head at the window, than a tear — the first I had shed for twenty years — dropped into the water below. For the first time, my conscience seemed to speak to me, and say, it was so ordered that my tears should never wet that bridge, should never drop upon my property and Thomas's gallows.



'I took Thomas down, and had him buried here.

'Since then I've thought myself a man, and others have called me such, I believe. For I immediately sold out my part of the bridge, which was worth a great deal, and most of it has gone to the poor.

'I scarcely know whether to remember that Sunday morning with more of sorrow than of pleasure ; for that was my resurrection morn.'

M E M O R I E S .

WHEN the morning sun, appearing  
In the east, the world is cheering ;  
Cheering, as its shimmering beauty all the dew-hung flowers enshrouds :  
When the noisy birds are springing  
Gayly 'mong the trees, and singing,  
And the wind — that piping shepherd — drives his fleecy flock of clouds ;  
Then, so crushingly sad memories come upon my soul in crowds,  
On my spirit crushed, in crowds.

For the rose-hues of the morning,  
With rich drapery adorning  
Feathery clouds, that hang like fairies, sporting in the sun's warm rays ;  
And the songsters of the wild-wood  
All remind me of my childhood ;  
For the rose-hues were the hope-hues of my boyhood's buoyant days,  
And the song-birds seem like spirits singing childhood's merry lays,  
Half-forgotten childhood's lays.

And when evening's sun is sinking,  
And the day-light dim is shrinking,  
Shrinking in the western waters from the cold approach of night :  
And the insects' drowsy humming  
Signals hazy twilight's coming,  
Coming with its cool refreshing to the weary day-worn sight :  
Coldly on my aching spirit falls this shadow of the night,  
On my spirit, never light.

Oh ! how wild my boyish dreaming  
Of a glorious future, teeming,  
Teeming — a bright crown — with jewels that should bind my throbbing brow :  
But alas ! that glorious morrow  
Brought me but a crown of sorrow ;  
And its jewels are but tear-drops glistening sadly 'round me now,  
Hot this jewelled crown is resting on my burning, throbbing brow,  
On my wildly throbbing brow.

Thus the sad past cometh o'er me,  
And its visions flit before me  
In the morning, noon, and evening, and when cometh drear mid-night :  
And my spirit, worn and weary,  
From these visions, dark and dreary,  
Fain would flee to some far spirit-land, where memory's baneful light  
Never shineth, but is shrouded by oblivious, rayless night,  
By the Lethean gloom of night.

v. s.

## TROUTING IN NORTHERN NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

I HAD often heard of people catching trout 'as fast as they could haul 'em out : ' I had often been assured of the plausibility of such a fact, but I had my doubts. I knew *I* had fished for trout and never 'hauled 'em out' at all, and so I was a skeptic as to any such proceedings as enthusiastic anglers from the north of the Granite State had repeatedly affirmed to have been within their daily experience. Taking all things into consideration, therefore, I determined to try for myself.

There were three of us : our baggage as follows : Item, one bottle of gin, two shirts : item, one bottle Schnapps, two pair stockings : item, one bottle Schiedam, one pair fishing-pants : item, one bottle genuine Aromatic, by Udolpho Wolfe, name on the wrapper, without which the article is fictitious, one pair extra boots : item, one bottle extract of juniper-berry ; one bottle brandy, long and wide, prescribed by scientific skill for medicinal purposes. Also, rods, flies, tackle in abundance, and a supply of gin ; in addition, each of us had a quart-flask in our pockets, containing gin. We also had some gin inside when we started.

Thus prepared, we started by rail from where the gin was purchased for Littleton, which we reached in the afternoon.

Littleton is a large and flourishing community, composed chiefly of ephemeral stage-drivers, black-legs, and acute landlords, who play poker with unsuspecting travellers over night, to whom they lend money in the morning to pay their tavern-bills. We did not abide in Littleton. We procured a wagon and two horses, or rather, about one and a half, and set forth, about three P.M. As soon as we reached the highway, and were clear of the surrounding houses, I obtained my first view of New-Hampshire scenery.

Back of us lay the lofty summits of the White Mountains — Washington, La Fayette, and Adams, towering above the rest, as those illustrious names among mankind. At the distance of twenty or thirty miles, their well-defined outlines rose against the sky in solemn, gloomy grandeur, and their immense presence seemed to annihilate the space that intervened.

I have been in the habit of thinking that my own native West is the most beautiful country upon God's earth, and, indeed, in richness of foliage and verdure, in brilliancy of color, I know of none that surpasses it. In the spring-time of the year, when every thing is bursting forth in vigorous life ; when the trees bud in fearless defiance of frost, and flowers bloom in bright profusion ; when the corn transcends all limits of respectable growth, and the grain starts its tender shoots before the snow has quite gone : and in later summer, when the golden harvest is ripe for the sickle, and, swayed by the gentle wind, the vast field rolls like the billows of the sea ; with the cultivated garden, the farm with its barns of plenty and its presses bursting with new wine ; the plain with its velvet grass, the hill-side with its luxuriant vine, Nature presents no lovelier sight than meets the eye and gladdens the heart of the dweller in the Buckeye State.

Still, such scenery conveys no impression of the vast or grand, for the horizon is limited in its view. But among the mountains of the Eastern States, the landscape stretches away before you for miles upon miles, with lakes, streams and rivers, villages and farms, spread out in one great picture.

But however beautiful the sight, the sun began to get hot, and ideas of sentiment rapidly vanished, and soon arriving at one of those cool springs that burst forth from the hill-side at every few rods, we stopped to refresh our parched constitutions.

The second day's ride brought us to Colebrook, where the reign of pork begins. And here let me say a word of this staple commodity of the 'rural districts.'

After you get up into this country, you see nothing but pork. Not fresh pork, (shades of Elia, defend us!) but salt pork, that has been pickled, brined, and put away in a barrel. They chiefly fry it, when it resolves itself into a compound of liquid grease, and a tough substance, resembling under-done sole-leather, nutritive but not attractive. They fry pork for breakfast, they do the same for dinner, and are not original in the point of supper. They fry it with their potatoes; sometimes they fry it in a skillet: I believe they use it in their tea. For two mortal weeks, we had nothing but pork, until we got among the trout, and then we had trout and pork, and pork and trout, and trout with or without pork, and pork with or without trout, according to the taste and fancy of the person porking or trouting, either or both respectively.

At Colebrook, as I said, we began on pork. It was the first I had experienced, and I thought it considerably great. Subsequent events, however, succeeded in eradicating that notion from my bosom.

Leaving Colebrook, we started for the Dixville Notch. We inquired the state of the route before starting, and were informed that, 'in some places, it was n't so good as others,' which was about the extent of the information to be obtained. The people of New-Hampshire are remarkably cautious in their statements, and not at all prone to exaggeration, and when we learned that our route was 'in some places a little rough,' we thought to have a comparatively easy time of it. But, shades and ministers of grace defend us! People surrounded by the comforts of civilized life can have no idea of what roads are, or rather, what a road can be, if it only has a mind to. In the first place, it is like going up and down the side of a house. In going down a steep pitch, a bottle was jolted out of the rear of the wagon, and fell over the horses' heads. That's a fact! I have the affidavits. In addition, the way is impeded by immense granite boulders, a number of feet one way, and as many the other, which seem to have been shaken out of a bag, with the profusion of a pepper-box. Then again, there is no road to speak of at all, it having been abandoned, as we afterward learned, some ten years past; the rain also has washed out deep gulleys, where your wheels are on each side, and your horses down below, underneath the wagon. But the crowning feature is the bridges. Bridges here are made to let people through into the water; for that purpose they have large holes in them, loosely covered with brush-wood, and when the unwary traveller steps upon it, he is seen no more; and when they

can't get holes big enough, they have immense logs rotted to the proper point; and when you step upon them, the log caves, as it were, and you then perceive the exact purpose for which the structure was intended, as above stated. We came to one of these bridges, and two of us, having some idea relative to personal safety, declined crossing in the wagon, and got out to see it go down, and sure enough, when the near horse got in the middle, away went the whole concern, and the animal went through into the bottom of the creek.

It was not, however, so deep but that, by a judicious use of his fore-legs, he could crawl out of the hole through which he had gone down, and he came up on terra firma a wet, and, to some extent, an agitated quadruped.

This may not, perhaps, be interesting to the uninitiated, but one who has not witnessed cannot conceive how funny it looks, to be driving a pair of horses, and suddenly see one disappear to the extent of about one-half, his fore-legs pawing in the air, and his hind-legs somewhere else, not immediately visible, the general effect being that of an attempt to climb a tree, without any particular prospect of success. No accident, however, happened, and no other inconvenience than that of one or more legs going through every bridge we crossed.

The next day we reached the falls of the Androscoggin, but had not yet attained the trouting region. We took a boat and guide, loaded in our traps, and put out for the Megalloway. This river is crooked beyond any power of description; it is a practical exemplification of the ways of the Evil One. One minute the sun is behind you; the next, ahead; then right and left, cross the middle, up and down in every imaginable position. You have to row three miles to get anywhere, if it is n't more than twenty rods off. We reached the lower landing, at the farm where we stopped, and it was about an eighth of a mile by land, and two miles and a half by the river, to the house. Water is not a speedy means of locomotion in Northern New-Hampshire.

Our first day's fishing was in the Diamond river, and a good time we had of it. I tried to keep my feet dry till I tumbled in, and then I staid in. The water here is rapid, and the stream full of rocks, on which you step, and in you go: this is invariable.

In fishing for trout, two things are to be observed; first, you must fall down in the water, and secondly, break your rod: N—— had broken his before he started, and soon in he went, up to his neck. To tumble down in a stream like the Diamond, beside being inconvenient, is confusing; the water carries you off your feet, and bumps you against the rocks; its roar deafens you, and you think you're going to drown; your fishing-basket goes one way, and your tackle another, and you regain your feet with a general sense of damp, to hear your friend laughing at you.

In this day's fishing we caught about seventy-five pounds of trout among four of us. At night we returned, quite well tired, to the farmhouse which was our temporary abode. We had fried pork for supper. I believe I stated that they had pork in this country. We then went to bed, or rather to musquitoes.

There were four of us, with two beds, in a room, which, so far from

David Copperfield's being able to swing a cat in it, he could n't have performed that feat with a kitten.

Having prepared ourselves for repose, out went the candle, and in came the mosquitoes. N —— had brought with him a concoction prepared by some medical friend, which was to keep off these invidious insects. It smelt strongly of spearmint and unclean oil. It worked, however, like a miracle, for the mosquitoes would light on our faces, and their feet would stick fast in the stuff — it had an extract of tar in it for that purpose — and by the time a small troop were thus entrapped, then you had music. Anon you would hear H —— give a rousing clap, and with an expletive state: 'There! I missed him!' So we rolled and tossed, till finally N —— burst out laughing, wanting to know if I was awake.

Sleep being impossible, we lit our pipes, and sat up in bed to take a smoke. Jokes were cracked, stories were told, and we made night, up in that room, comparatively hideous. Next morning we learned that there was a sick baby down stairs, and the supposition in the family was, that our noise had n't helped its colic any.

That house will not soon fade from our memory. We slept in an attic, where the roof slanted down over the heads of the beds, so that it was not ten inches above the pillow: the roof was innocent of lath, plaster, or any of those little amenities that tend to make existence endurable. Rustic ingenuity, upon the rafters over-head, had pinned, in the character of wall-paper, certain emanations of the press, among which were *The Christian Herald*, *Boston Post*, and *New-Hampshire Patriot*.

The strong point of this contrivance was, that all manner of bugs, spiders, and other creeping things, seemed to assemble in convention in the silent watches of the night, and essayed the climbing of these papers, which being rather much inclined, rendered the task of the insects difficult; but perseverance seemed to be a predominant trait, for all night long we heard these reptiles scratching, scraping, and rustling up and down the paper, at the agreeable distance of about a foot from our heads. Occasionally a spider, more adventurous than the rest, would drop down by his web, and alight on our faces, but he generally beat a precipitate retreat. Then, too, there was a death-watch near the head-board, and he kept up his dismal ticking as long as we were conscious. This death-watch is an abominable nuisance. Its regular, monotonous, unceasing beat, heard in fearful proximity about eleven o'clock at night, when every body else is asleep, is enough to drive a nervous man crazy. I would rather have six-pounders fired off at me all night.

However, morning at last came, and we consulted as to what course should be taken, whether to turn homeward and fish on our way back, or strike farther north. We finally concluded to adopt the latter course. We procured a guide, got a wagon, left most of our luggage, took a change of raiment, all the gin, and started. We rode about six miles to a house, which is the last one upon the extremities of civilization. From this place we were to walk over a 'carry,' stated to be about a mile and a half long, but which was nearer six. So we packed our

traps on our backs. Our guide carried all the camp equipage. N —— had a fishing-basket with the gin in it ; the carpet-bag with our vestments, an axe, a rifle, a skillet, a bag of salt, a chunk of pork — they have pork in this country — some wet matches, and an over-coat : the rest of us followed with such articles as remained, piled on in a promiscuous manner.

This was my first experience in ‘carrying,’ the generic word for this sort of business, and I must be allowed to state, that as a general proposition, I do not admire this species of locomotion, either in point of speed or comfort. The day was hot, and such a road ! eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of any man to conceive. It was up hill and down ; through bogs and swamps ; over fallen trees ; encountering impenetrable thickets. A wagon-path had formerly been cut through the woods, as though some one had entertained the idea that such a route might be travelled by beasts of burden, in connection with some kind of vehicle ; if such a notion was ever conceived, we can only be amused at the simplicity of the individual. The path was infested with immense rocks that were smooth and slippery with moss, and when you put your foot on them, down you went, and when you were down, the mosquitoes had you ; for though when in motion their attacks were suspended, yet, if you stopped, they came at you with renewed vehemence.

Slipping and falling, when you are fresh and light, is not of much consequence ; but when you are tired out, and have an hundred pounds on your back, it’s a fearful joke. I had trudged on till, through fatigue, I had become just desperate, and would not have made any exertion to save life itself. I stepped on the point of a stone, it was treacherous, and myself, pack and all, reposed softly in the morass. The mud was knee-deep ; exhausted nature had spent all her energies ; I could not move hand nor foot ; the mosquitoes assailed me in legions ; through an opening in the trees, the sun poured down his relentless rays ; I thought my hour had come, and memory, unconsciously reverting to the days of childhood, I was about beginning ‘Now I lay me down’ — when I heard N —— on ahead exclaiming, at the top of his voice, in all the consciousness of immense and impregnable strength :

‘There is a pleasure in the pathless wood.’

It would have afforded me satisfaction, there and then to have knocked his head off.

We accomplished the end, nevertheless, and reached the bank of the Megalloway just above the falls, to avoid which, we had passed the ‘carry.’ We found here a little flat-bottomed boat, about fourteen feet long, and amply sufficient to carry a pound of butter and a dozen eggs, and when the guide told us that we were all to go in that cockle-shell, I proceeded to narrate to him a legend relating to three individuals of age and experience, who are reported to have dwelt in the State of New-York, and who set forth upon a certain journey by water, in a class of sailing-craft not popularly in vogue among mariners, and with regard to whom it is confidently asserted, that if their means of conveyance



had been of a more permanent character, their traditionary reminiscences would have been prolonged.

Our guide, however, assured us, that the week before, the same frail bark had brought down four men, with a moose they had killed; and somewhat reassured, but still with fear and trembling, we loaded our luggage. The vessel sank in the water to within three inches of her gunwale, and we had to keep the trim so nicely adjusted, that if you winked one eye without the other, you were in imminent danger of upsetting.

Once fairly started, thoughts of danger vanished, and our little boat glanced over the water at a refreshing rate.

The river was perfectly still, with no current, and its smooth surface only broken by the leap of the trout, and the splashing start of the frightened wild duck. High mountains arose on either side, and the river-banks were lined with scrubby pine and birch, whose interlaced boughs rendered passage impervious except to the denizens of the forest.

Our point of destination was a place called Beaver Brook, some two miles up the stream, where it was supposed that trout would be found; We reached there about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the sport then began in earnest. In my time I have fished, as it may be, considerable, I have fished for various specimens of the finny tribe; I have essayed cod in Boston harbor, and herring and mackerel on the sea-coast; I have whipped almost every stream for trout in Massachusetts and Connecticut; I have taken salmon in the Ohio, trout in Mackinaw and Minnesota, perch in the Mississippi, and bobbed for whale on the coasts of Florida, but I had not reached the acme of fishing. As before stated, I had heard all sorts of 'fish stories' from persons who had explored the Northern regions; I had listened to their statements with silent acquiescence, but inwardly distrusting; but when the reality came, there was no exaggeration that could at all come up to the simple fact. Innocent stranger! Thou who readest these lines! perhaps you never caught a trout. If so, thou knowest not for what life was originally intended. Thou art a vain, insignificant mortal! pursuing shadows! Ambition lures thee, Fame dazzles, Wealth leads thee on panting! Thou art chasing spectres, goblins that satisfy not. If thou hast not caught a trout, this world is to thee, as yet, a blank; existence is a dream! Go and weep. Come with me, and thou shalt see for what man was made. Thou shalt learn for what those faculties were given, that thou art wasting on minor objects. The brook rolls brightly before thee; the forest is deep and wild, and its branches hang over the stream; it leaps on with silvery laughter, like youth that bounds joyfully to the dark ocean of age. Its smooth waters dash against the rocks, and become brawling foam, as broken hopes are turned to raging passions. It darts through narrow places, over opposing obstacles, as untiring energy bursts its way through untried and devious paths. It gathers in quiet pools, and returns in gentle eddies up the stream, as the thwarted purpose, the disappointed wish, recoils upon itself, or settles into sluggish apathy.

Now, put up your pole, and take your first trout, poor innocent. Rig on your fly! not that great big red thing—put on that little gray one



ith the small hook. Do n't you know that a trout is the daintiest, most delicate fish that swims? You pitch at him a bait as big as your fist, and he'll turn up his nose in disgust; but just cover the point of your hook with the smallest possible piece of worm, or take the smallest fly, and he'll go at it like a shark. Now, do you see that dark object off yonder, lying by the side of that stone? — that's about a pound and a half: we'll have him. Pitch in your fly and skip it over the water lively; not that way — that's down the stream; cast your fly up. If you had any sense, which you have n't, you'd know that trout always lie with their heads up-stream; and if you cast down-stream, in the first place, they'll see you and won't bite, and if they do, you'll pull the hook right out of their mouths; but if you throw up stream, they bite faster, and you have a better chance of striking your barb through their gills. There! your fly touches the water; see those fellows jump at it; but those are little fellows, and do n't weigh more than a quarter of a pound. Follow N ——'s suggestion, and put up a notice on the bank: 'Small Trout are requested not to bite!'

Now heave again. See there! — that was a pretty jump he made; but he missed. Try him once more and you'll strike. Now he's on; let your reel run; there he goes up-stream. How nicely he springs out of the water; he's got frightened, and do n't know what's the rumpus. Reel him in a little; do n't pull too hard, or you'll break your pole; you see, it's bent double already. Just hold him tight enough to guide him, and he'll tire himself out in a few minutes; he can't stand it long, dashing about at this rate. Do n't get too much excited, or he'll fool you yet. When you strike a fish you must be cool and collected. You see they are of an excitable temperament, and when they get the barb into their mouths they become agitated; they are also gamy, and make a good fight, and consequently, if you are anyway rash, and attempt to get them in too soon, ten to one you'll break your line. Now you see the rascal has started down-stream for the river, and thinks if he gets into deep water he'll be out of the way. Let him slide; let your reel go out its full length. Now he's still; he do n't feel you pull, and thinks he's safe. Begin and reel him up. Now he's waked up again worse than ever. Do n't he go pretty? Just hold him steady up the stream, and as his mouth is wide open, he'll drown soon; because, if you drown a trout he thereby becomes dead, and when dead, is in a perfectly passive state. See, his struggles are becoming feebler and feebler; you'll have him soon. Be patient: now he's still; pull him up to the side of the boat and take hold of him just behind the gills. There, is n't he a beauty? Do n't those bright spots and silver stripes go to your heart? Do n't you wish you were as good-looking as a trout? Would n't you captivate your friends?

The shades of eve begin to fall. I sit in the foot; N —— a little below; H —— above. It is still as night, except the repeated splash of fish as they rise at the fly, or as they struggle in vain attempts to escape.

I have at various times, in various places, made various statements with regard to our success upon that particular afternoon, none of which have as yet been believed. Friends, of whom I had a right to expect

better things, have upon occasions winked knowingly when I have narrated my experience ; some have laughed outright ; some have remarked unreservedly that that was a 'fish story.' Others have detected seeming inconsistencies, and irreverently asked for explanations ; and again it has been inquired which was the trout, and which was the gin. I therefore will content myself with the following statement, made upon honor, that in a very short time we caught a very large number of fish.

While we were fishing, our guide was pitching our tent. Our guide was a great institution ; he was a complete back-woodsman. With an axe he could do or make any thing in the world. I believe he could make a watch with that axe. He could chop down a tree in no time, and in the tree he'd find a coon, or a nest of squirrels, and a whole hive full of wild honey ; whereupon he'd have food and raiment for a month. He had great skill and mechanical ingenuity ; and though of slight frame, his strength was enormous, and his endurance eternal. He could row a boat all day without stopping. He could climb over rocks and mountains for a week with a pack on his back, that I could n't lift with a pair of horses. He'd be in the water for twelve hours without inconvenience. He was modest, good-natured, always ready to do any thing, and was amazingly tickled to hear us talk and joke. He confined himself principally to gin. In the few days he was with us, he became very fond of us ; and when we parted, he rigged a sail out of my shawl, with which we rowed comfortably against a head-wind for seven miles.

He was fond of woods sport. When we had finished fishing and it grew dark, we went ashore to where he had rigged our tent. He had cut a quantity of small hemlock boughs, with which he covered the floor of the tent about six inches deep, over which he spread his camp blankets, and made a couch softer than downy pillows are. He had also a huge log fire, and we made preparations to cook supper. Imprimis, a skillet is indispensable in the woods. It is convertible to many uses and purposes ; you can bail a boat with it splendidly ; wash your face with it ; boil water, and make tea, and wash the dishes ; bake bread ; fry potatoes, pork, and trout, and feed the dogs with it after supper.

So we got out the skillet, cleaned a lot of trout, cut the slices of pork, (we had brought a piece of pork, and a bag containing bread and doughnuts ; to be sure they had been in the bottom of the boat, and all got soaked, but that made no difference,) and the pork hissed, and we turned the trout with a wooden spoon and put salt on them, and then the trout hissed ; once in a while one would drop into the fire, and if the dog was n't watching, and you were quick, you could get it again. But I had a big fight over one great fellow that tumbled out of the pan : I got him by the head and the dog got him by the tail, and it was nip and tuck, pull Dick, pull devil : the dog a little ahead, for the fish broke in two, and he got mor'n half ; but he subsequently choked on the back-bone, at which I was rejoiced. We rang the bell for tea. The guide made some torches of birch-bark, and stuck them up around, and we had an illuminated banquet-hall.

We spread our viands on another piece of birch-bark ; each fellow took a forked stick, and then and there we fed. We then cleared away the

table and washed the dishes, by throwing the birch-bark into the fire and leaving the skillet to the dog.

We then held a council of war, and concluded to cross-examine a bottle of gin. Gin has its uses in the woods. But we were without water, and had nothing but those leathern drinking-cups, holding about a gill. Here was a difficulty at once, for to be under the necessity of going down to the stream every time you wanted a drink, was not to be thought of; beside, we might be thirsty in the night. But our guide solved the problem. He took that immortal axe and went off into the woods, and came back in a minute with some large sheets of birch-bark — birch-bark is also a wonderful invention; so he sat down to make a birch-bark bucket. I do n't know how it's done; N — does, and he showed me two or three times; but for the life of me, I could n't see through it. About these things I'm thick about the head. It is some how thus: you take a large square sheet of birch-bark and some wooden pins, you turn up one end of the bark and stick in a pin, you then turn up the side and fasten it to the end; you double the ends together and fasten them with these pins; turn it up all around, so the water won't run out, fasten it, and there's your bucket; it is a very simple contrivance, and eminently practical. He got one completed, and found a knot-hole in the bottom, but finally made one that held about three quarts; so we filled it, placed it beside the tent and began those experiments with the gin, to which brief allusion has been made.

After eating and drinking, we lit our pipes. You take pipes and tobacco in this country altogether; segars are perfectly useless. I carried the tobacco loose in one of my pockets, which was a reservoir for the whole party. One has no idea of the luxury of a pipe in the woods until it has been tried; it is vastly superior to any other known method of combusting the weed. You might smoke forty segars and not obtain the same amount of satisfaction that a solitary pipe affords. Therefore we sat in the door of the tent, and as the smoke curled gracefully away, we had sundry operatic performances, in which I acted the part of Prima, and N — of base, Donna; and the woods rang with the entrancing melody of our voices; while afar off we heard the hoot of the owl, and once in a while, the scream of a wild-cat; but we were not at all alarmed.

I should not omit to relate one of my troubles, and that was in the way of boots. A kind friend at Hanover lent me a fine pair of fishing-boots, that came almost up to my ears, and had great big legs to them. I first fished with them in the Diamond River. I endeavored to manœuvre so as not to go over boot-top, but pretty soon I tumbled in, and when I got up my boots were full of water, and weighed about two tons apiece; so I waded ashore for the purpose of eliminating the element. I laid down on my back, and raised my heels up in the air, and the ultimate consequences were, that the whole quantity of fluid found its way out at the back of my neck, just below the left ear. During our whole trip the great occasion of the day was the getting my boots off. Many of you know what wet boots are; I had them in perfection. Our guide was a first-rate boot-jack, otherwise I should be wearing the articles at the present day. I laid down on the floor, N — would take hold of my shoulders, the guide and H — hold of my boots, and

we would work, and twist, and accomplish the feat, or rather feet, in about an half-hour. Item, when fishing for trout, wear shoes.

Boots off, and otherwise happy, we lay in the tent, smoked and employed ourselves in the charms of conversation. Our guide had gone off into the woods some distance, and soon we heard a crackling and snapping, as though the world was about to conflagrate. We rushed out of the tent, and saw, off in the forest, a large tree all on fire from turret to foundation-stone. It flashed, and blazed, and roared, and I thought the whole wilderness was going, so I seized a few articles of value, and was about taking to the water for safety, but was restrained by N —, who said it was some of the guide's work, which it proved to be. Birch trees are covered with a light bark, which every year peels off to about the thickness of a sheet of paper; this dies, and drying, becomes like tinder, and is used as such; and if you touch a match to the root of a tree, the blaze flashes up in a moment over every limb, and makes as fine a specimen of indigenous fire-work as may be desired. The night was very dark, and there the tree stood, every limb and branch all in a blaze, and lightening up the forest like day. The wild birds started from their roosts, flying helter, skelter; deer and other vermin were scampering in promiscuous confusion, and altogether it was pleasant. Soon another tree started, and then another, and soon half a dozen, in all directions; and to us, who were novices, the spectacle was beautiful. Our guide soon came back — he had been prowling round in his stocking feet — and we all went to bed.

The next morning we all went to fishing, and fished to our hearts' content; in fact, we became perfectly satiated and disgusted. They bit so fast, and we caught so many, that we lost all relish for it. We filled our boat almost full. Any thing less than a half-pound in weight we threw back into the water; and after we all got sick of it, we agreed to take down our poles and not put them up again in that part of the country. About eighty pounds of the largest we concluded to take home with us; so our guide made a species of box out of elm-bark, in which we salted down our fish, to pack on our backs.

I have thus given an outline of one day's occurrences, and the others were like unto it. We had just as much trout-fishing as we wanted. We eat so many that we almost killed ourselves; and finally came to the conclusion, that trout were not what they were cracked up to be, after all.

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W A K E N I N G .

EARTH's sleeping shadows  
Blush 'neath the flow  
Of the soft-gushing twilight,  
As it waves to-and-fro;  
Morn breaks o'er the wildness  
Of mountain and flood,  
The dark vista widens  
To infinitude:

*Albany, (N. Y.) Sept., 1857.*

But the soft-falling star-beams,  
That smiled from the night,  
Are lost in the brightness  
Of day's glaring light:  
So my visions of beauty  
Have faded away  
'Neath the widening vista  
Of life's burning day!

GAY HUMBOLDT.

## ST. HELENA: THE FIFTH OF MAY, 1821.

FROM THE 'SONGS OF BERANGER.'

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

A SPANISH\* ship hath offered me its deck,  
 To quit those shores, after five weary years,  
 Where — a heroic empire's humblest wreck —  
 I strove to hide the exile's bitter tears.  
 Now, far from Ind, I sail in happier vein,  
 With hope renewed, toward my native skies !  
 Poor soldier, I shall see my France again,  
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes.

Just HEAVEN! our pilot 'St. Helena!' cries,  
 Lo! there the hero languishes betrayed!  
*There, Spaniards, even your bitter hatred dies:*  
 With me, ye curse this trap by treachery made!  
 I can do naught then, naught to set him free!  
 The days are past of glorious emprise!  
 My France, poor soldier, I at least shall see,  
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes.

Perhaps he sleeps — he, whose resistless might  
 Swept, like the death-shot, over twenty thrones  
 May he not spread once more his eagle flight  
 To hear his death-chant sung in royal groans?  
 Ah! no; this Rock frowns out Hope's every chance  
 He shares no more the secrets of the skies!  
 Well! well! poor soldier, I shall yet see France,  
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes!

E'en Victory, toiling in his giant stride,  
 Grew weary; but *he* waited not to rest.  
 Though twice betrayed, twice treachery he defied;  
 But ah! what vipers round his pathway pressed!  
 Beneath the Victor's crown Death oft hath lain,  
 For deadly poison in each laurel lies!  
 Poor soldier, I shall still see France again,  
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes!

When, from some height, a wandering bark they spy —  
 'Can it be he?' each trembling tyrant groans:  
 'Comes he again to seize the world? Oh! fly!  
 Arm all our millions to defend our thrones!'  
 While he, worn out with sufferings, perchance  
 His last farewell to his loved country sighs:  
 Poor soldier, I at least shall yet see France,  
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes!

\* Of all the nations of Europe, the Spaniards had the most just causes of complaint against NAPOLEON. In placing his soldier, therefore, on a Spanish vessel, the author's intention was to show how far the misfortunes of this great man had reconciled all nations to his fame.

Mighty in genius, mighty too in worth ;  
 Why with the sceptre did he arm his pride ?  
 He towered before o'er all the thrones of earth  
 Nor needed kingly baubles at his side.  
*There*, like a watch-tower o'er *one* world too old,  
 And *one* but new-born doth his glory rise !  
 Poor soldier, I shall still my France behold,  
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes.

Good Spaniards, hold ! what see ye on yon shore ?  
 A black flag ! God ! what shudders o'er me creep !  
*He* die ? O Fame ! thy widow's weeds no more  
 Shalt thou cast off ! *His foes around me weep !*  
 Far from this ghastly Rock in silence flee :  
 The star of Day forsakes the mourning skies !  
 Alas ! poor soldier, France I yet shall see,  
 And a son's loving hand will close my eyes.

*Clover Hill, Sept., 1857.*

## A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIO S. COZZENS.

*The Great Nova Scotia Railway — Windsor on Avon — Sam Slick — A Ride to the Gasperau — Historic Incidents — What followed the second marriage of La Tour — Le Borgne's Claim — Cromwell's Claim — Temple's Claim — Acadia again ceded to France — The Phipps Expedition — Subjugation of the Province — Villabon's Expedition — Church's Invasion — Acadia again surrendered — The Oath of Allegiance — The Fall of Louisburgh — Halifax settled — Indian Atrocities — The Brave Three Hundred — The Massacre at Norridgewoack — Le Père Ralle — The Basin of Minas from the Summit of the Gasperau.*

THE great Nova Scotia railway, nine and three-quarter miles in length, skirts the margin of Bedford Basin, and ends at the head of that blue sheet of water in the village of Sackville. It was amusing to see the gravity and importance of the conductor, in uniform frock-coat and with crown and V. R. buttons, as he paced up and down the platform before starting ; and the quiet dignity of the sixpenny ticket-office ; and the busy air of the freight-master, checking off boxes and bundles for the distant terminus, which could barely be distinguished by the naked eye. But it was a pleasant ride, that by the Basin ! Not less pleasant because of the company of an old friend, with wife and children, who went with me to the end of the iron road. Arrived there, we parted, with many a hearty hand-shake, and thence I went by stage to Windsor, on the river Avon, forty-five miles or so, west of Halifax ; beyond which again lies Grand-pré. Windsor is a pretty village by Avon's side, not so famous as its English namesake, nor is its river quite



so interesting as that which runs by Stratford's storied banks, yet it hath a goodly college, and a pleasant site, and here, bowered in trees, lives Judge Haliburton, the author of 'Sam Slick, the Clock-Maker.' I admire 'Sam Slick,' as the Judge is familiarly called, for his hearty hostility to Republican institutions. It is natural, straightforward, shrewd, and no doubt sincere. At the same time it affords a striking example of how much the colonial or satellite form of government tends to limit the scope of a mind, which, under happier skies, and in a wider orbit, might have displayed itself to advantage.

But the stage waits for Lower Horton, and we must bid farewell to Windsor. Over the bridge, and over the Avon, and we bowl along the smooth road, between well-cultivated farms, toward Grand-Pré, and the Gasperau. Let us take up the historic thread of events that lead to the closing scenes in the Acadian drama; the cowardly conquest, the wanton, useless cruelty, of which the place we are approaching was the theatre.

The marriage of La Tour to the widow of his deceased rival, Charnisé, for a time enabled that brave young adventurer to remain in quiet possession of the territory. But to the Catholic Court of France, a suspected, although not an avowed Protestant, in commission, was an object of distrust. No matter what might have been his former services, and, indeed, his defence of Cape Sable had saved the French possessions from the encroachments of the Sterling patent, yet he was heretic to the true faith, and therefore defenceless in an important point against the attacks of an enemy. Such an one was La Tour le Borgne, who professing to be a creditor of Charnisé, opened his claim against Charles Etienne, upon that ground, (unlucky was it for La Tour that the widow of Charnisé should turn out to be such poor property,) and pressing his suit with all the ardor of bigotry and rapacity, easily succeeded 'in obtaining a decree by which he was authorized to enter upon the possessions of his *deceased debtor*!' But the adherents of Charles Etienne did not readily yield to the new adventurer. They had tasted the sweets of religious liberty, and were not disposed to come within the arbitrary yoke without a struggle. Disregarding the 'decree,' they stood out manfully against the forces of Le Borgne. Again were Catholic French, and Protestant French cannon pointed against each other in unhappy Acadia. But fort after fort fell beneath the new claimant's superior artillery, until Le Borgne himself was met by a counter-force of bigotry, before which his own was as chaff to the fanning-mill. The man of England, Oliver Cromwell, had his little claim too, in Acadia. Against his forces both La Tour and Le Borgne made but ineffectual resistance. Acadia for the third time fell into the hands of the English.

Now in the history of the world there is nothing more patent than this: that persecution, in the name of religion, is only a ring of calamities, which sooner or later ends where it began. And this portion of its history can be cited as an example. Charles Etienne de la Tour, alienated by the unjust treatment of his countrymen, decided to accept the protection of his national enemy. As the heir of Claude de la Tour, he laid claim to the Sterling grants, (which it will be remem-



bered had been bestowed by William Alexander after the unsuccessful attack upon Cape Sable upon the elder La Tour,) and in conjunction with two English Puritans obtained a new patent for Acadia from the Protector, under the great seal, with the title of Sir Charles La Tour. During the life of Cromwell, Acadia remained an English possession, although the colonists were French, until 1668, when it was again ceded to France by Charles II. But in the interim, Sir Thomas Temple (one of the partners in the Cromwell patent) had purchased the interest of Charles Etienne in Acadia. Sir Thomas having embarked all his fortune in the enterprise, was not disposed to submit to the arbitrary disposal of his property by this treaty; and therefore endeavored to evade its articles by making a distinction between such parts of the Province as were supposed to constitute Acadia proper, and the other portions of the territory comprehended under the title of Nova Scotia. 'This distinction being deemed frivolous,' Sir Thomas was ordered to obey the letter of the treaty, and accordingly *the whole of Nova Scotia* was delivered up to the Chevalier de Grande Fontaine. During twenty years succeeding this event, Acadia enjoyed comparative repose; subject only to occasional visits of fillibusters. At the expiration of that time, a more serious invasion was meditated. Under the command of Sir William Phipps, a native of New-England, three ships, with transports and soldiers, appeared before Port Royal, and demanded an unconditional surrender. Although the fort was poorly garrisoned, this was refused by Manivel, the French Governor, but finally terms of capitulation were agreed upon: these were, that the French troops should be allowed to retain their arms and baggage, and be carried to Quebec; that the inhabitants should be maintained in the peaceable possession of their property, and in the exercise of their religion; and that the honor of the women should be observed. Sir William agreed to the conditions, but declined signing the articles, pompously intimating that the 'word of a General was a better security than any document whatever.' The French Governor, deceived by this specious parade of language, took the New-England fillibuster at his word, and formally surrendered the keys of the fortress, according to the verbal contract. Again was poor Acadia the victim of her perfidious enemy. Sir William, disregarding the terms of the capitulation, and the 'word of a General,' violated the articles he had pledged his honor to maintain, disarmed and imprisoned the soldiers, sacked the churches, and gave the place up to all the ruthless cruelties and violences of a general pillage. Not only this, the too credulous Governor, Manivel, was himself imprisoned, plundered of money and clothes, and carried off on board the conqueror's frigate with many of his unfortunate companions, to view the farther spoiliations of his countrymen. Many a peaceful Acadian village expired in flames during that coasting expedition, and to add to the miseries of the defenceless Acadians, two *piratical* vessels followed in the wake of the pious Sir William, and set fire to the houses, slaughtered the cattle, hanged the inhabitants, and deliberately burned one whole family, whom they had shut up in a dwelling-house for that purpose.

Soon after this, Sir William was rewarded with the governorship of

New-England, as Argall had been with that of Virginia, nearly a century before.

Now let it be remembered that in these expeditions, very little, if any, attempt was made by the invaders to colonize or reside on the lands they were so ready to lay waste and destroy. The mind of the species 'Puritan,' by rigid discipline hardened against all frivolous amusements, and insensible to the charms of the drama, and the splendors of the mimic spectacle, with its hollow shows of buckram, tinsel, and paste-board, seems to have been peculiarly fitted to enjoy these more substantial enterprises, which, owing to the defenceless condition of the French Province, must have appeared to the rigid Dudleys and Endicotts merely as a series of light and elegant pastimes.

Scarcely had Sir William Phipps returned to Boston, when the Chevalier Villabon came from France with troops and implements of war. On his arrival, he found the British flag flying at Port Royal, but unsupported by an English garrison. Of course it was immediately lowered from the flag-staff, and the white flag of Louis substituted. Once more Acadia was under the dominion of parental government.

Villabon, in a series of petty skirmishes, soon recovered the territory, which was only occupied at a few points by feeble New-England garrisons, and, in conjunction with a force of Abenaki Indians, laid siege to the fort at Pemaquid, on the Penobscot, and captured it. In this affair the famous Baron Castine was engaged. His history is intimately connected with that of the Province, but as the particulars of his romantic story do not affect the main course of events, farther allusion to him is unnecessary in this place.

The capture of the fort at Pemaquid, led to a train of reprisals, conspicuous in which was an actor in the theatre of events who heretofore had not appeared upon the Acadian stage. This was Col. Church, a celebrated bushwhacker and Indian-fighter, of memorable account in the King Philip war.

In order to estimate truly the condition of the respective parties, we must remember the severe iron and gun-powder nature of the Puritan of New-England, his prejudices, his dyspepsia ; his high-peaked hat and ruff ; his troublesome conscience and catarrh ; his natural antipathies to Papists and Indians, from having been scalped by one, and roasted by both ; his English insolence ; and his religious bias, at once tyrannic and territorial.

Then on the other, we must call to view the simple Acadian peasant, Papist or Protestant, just as it happened ; ignorant of the great events of the world ; a mere offshoot of rural Normandy ; without a thought of other possessions than those he might reclaim from the sea by his dykes ; credulous, pure-minded, patient of injuries ; that like the swallow in the spring, thrice built the nest, and when again it was destroyed,

———' found the ruin wrought,  
But, not cast down, forth from the place it flew,  
And with its mate fresh earth and grasses brought,  
And built the nest anew.'

Against such a people, the expedition of Col. Church, fresh from the slaughter of Pequod wars, bent its merciless energies. Regardless of the

facts that the people were non-resistants ; that the expeditions of the French had been only feeble retaliations of great injuries ; and always by levies from the mother country, and not from the colonists ; that Villabon, at the capture of Pemaquid, had generously saved the lives of the soldiers in the garrison from the fury of the Mic-Macs, who had just grounds of retribution for the massacres which had marked the former inroads of these ruthless invaders ; nevertheless the wrath of the Pilgrim Fathers fell upon the unfortunate Acadians as though they had been a nation of Sepoys. One incident will suffice to relate this period of the story. A small island on Passamaquoddy Bay was invaded by the forces under Col. Church, at night. The inhabitants made no resistance. All gave up ; 'but,' says Church in his dispatch to the Governor, 'looking over a little run, I saw something look black just by me, stopped and heard a talking ; stepped over and saw a little hut or wigwam, with a crowd of people round about it, which was contrary to my former directions. I asked them what they were doing ? They replied, there were some of the enemy in a house, and would not come out. I asked, what house ? They said, 'a bark house.' I hastily bid them pull it down, *and knock them on the head, never asking whether they were French or Indians, they being all enemies alike to me.*' Such was the merciless character of these forays in peaceful Acadia.

'HEROD of Galilee's babe-butcherer deed  
Lives not on history's blushing page alone ;  
Our skies, it seems, have seen like victims bleed,  
And our own Ramahs echoed groan for groan ;  
The fiends of France, whose cruelties decreed  
Those dexterous drownings in the Loire and Rhone,  
Were, at their worst, but copyists, second-hand,  
Of our shrined, sainted sires, the Plymouth pilgrim band.'

One of the severest cruelties practised upon these inoffensive people, was that of requiring them to betray their friends the Indians, under the heaviest penalties. In Acadia, the red and the white man were, as brothers ; no treachery, no broken faith, no over-reaching policy had severed the slightest fibre of good fellowship on either side. But the Abenaki race was a warlike people. At the first invasion, under Argall, the red man had seen with surprise, a mere handful of white men disputing for a territory, to which neither could offer a claim ; so vast as to make either occupation or control by the adventurers ridiculous ; and therefore with good-natured zeal, he had hastened to put an end to the quarrel, as though the white people had only been fractious but not irreconcilable kinsmen. But as the power of New-England advanced more and more in Acadia, the first generous desire of the red man had merged into suspicion, and finally hatred of the peaked hat and ruff of Plymouth. In all his dealings with the Acadians, the Indian had found only unimpeachable faith and honor ; but with the colonist of Massachusetts, there had been nothing but over-reaching and treachery : intercourse with the first had not led to a scratch, or a single drop of blood ; while on the other hand a bounty of 'one hundred pounds was offered for each male of their tribe if over twelve years of age, if scalped ; one hundred and five pounds if taken prisoner ;

fifty pounds for *each woman and child scalped*, and fifty pounds when brought in alive.'

The Abenaki tribes therefore, first, to avenge the injuries of their unresisting friends, the Acadians; and after to avenge their own; waged war upon the invaders with all the severities of an aggrieved and barbarous people. And, as I have said before, the severest cruelty inflicted upon the Acadian colonist, was to oblige him to betray his best friend and protector, the painted heathen, with whom he struck hands and plighted faith. To the honor of those colonists, be it said, that although they saw their long years' labor of dykes broken down, the sea sweeping over their farms, the fire rolling about their homesteads, their cattle and sheep destroyed, their effects plundered, and wanton and nameless outrages committed by the soldiery; yet in no instance did they purchase indemnity from these, by betraying a single Indian.

During the invasion of Church, the inhabitants of Grand-Pré were exposed to treatment as may be conceived of, when such an enemy marched in upon their defenceless villages. The smoke from the borders of five rivers, overlooked by Blomidon, rose up in the still air, after the departure of the New-England forces, and again the sea rolled past the broken dykes, which for nearly a century had kept out its desolating waters between the Cape and the Gasperau. Was it surprising that here and there a people so driven to despair, made a gallant stand against their ruthless enemies? But, like our own stand against tyranny, the defence of Acadia was only 'a war of outposts,' and with minor results. Articles of capitulation were finally agreed upon at Port Royal, between the Acadian Governor on the one side, and the Colonial Commander-in-Chief on the other, by which the Province was again placed in the hands of its rapacious neighbors. By the unfortunate terms of the capitulation, the inhabitants, within cannon-shot of the fort, were obliged to take an oath of allegiance and fidelity to her majesty Queen Anne, with the privilege of remaining upon their estates two years. But the privilege of protection 'within cannon-shot,' was speedily construed into an edict beyond cannon-shot; and soon after, a strong detachment under a Captain Pigeon, was dispatched to enforce the letter of allegiance to the Crown. While in pursuit of this duty, the expedition was attacked by a body of Indians and destroyed; this led to farther difficulties, until the conclusion of peace between the rival kingdoms in 1713. In the treaty agreed upon by the contracting powers, Acadia was surrendered to England. Then the weight of the oath of allegiance fell heavily upon the innocent colonists. We can scarcely appreciate now the abhorrence of a people, so conscientious as this, to take an oath of fidelity to a race that had only been known to them by its rapacity. But partly by persuasion, partly by menace, a majority of the Acadians took the oath, which was as follows:

'Il promets et jure sincerement, en foi de Chretien, que je serai entiere-ment fidele et oberai vraiment sa Majeste La Roi George, que je reconnais. pour le Souverain seigneur de l'Acadie, ou Nouvelle Ecosse, ainsi Dieu me soit en aide.'

Under the shadow of the protection derived from their acceptance of this oath, the Acadians reposed a few years. It did not oblige them to

bear arms against their countrymen, nor did it compromise their religious independence of faith. Again the dykes were built to resist the encroachments of the sea; again village after village rose — at the mouth of the Gasperau, on the shores of the Canard, beside the Strait of Frontenac, at Le Have, and Rossignol, at Port Royal, and Pisiquid. During all these years no attempt had been made by the captors of the Province, to colonize the places baptized with the waters of Puritan progress. Lunenburg had been settled with King William's Dutchmen; the walls of Louisburgh were rising in one of the harbors of a neighboring island; but in no instance had the fillibusters projected a colony on the soil which had been wrested from its rightful owners. The only result of all their bloody visitations upon a non-resisting people, had been to make defenceless Acadia a neutral province. From this time until the close of the drama, in all the wars between the Georges and the Louises, in both hemispheres, the people of Acadia went by the name of 'The Neutral French.'

Meantime the walls of Louisburgh were rising on the island of Cape Breton, which, with Canada, still remained under the sovereign rule of the French. The Acadians were invited to remove within the protection of this formidable fortress, but they preferred remaining entrenched behind their dykes, firmly believing that the only invader they now had to dread was the sea, inasmuch as they had accepted the oath of fidelity, in which, and in their inoffensive pursuits, they imagined themselves secure from farther molestation. Some of their Indian neighbors, however, accepted the invitation of the Cape Breton French, and removed thither. These simple savages, notwithstanding the changes in the government, still regarded the Acadians as friends, and the English as enemies. They could not comprehend the nature of a treaty by which their own lands were ceded to a hostile force; a treaty in which they were neither consulted nor considered.\* They had their own injuries to remember, which in nowise had been balanced in the compact of the strangers. The rulers in New-France (so says the chronicler) 'affected to consider the Indians as an independent people.' At Canseau, at Cape Sable, at Annapolis, and Passamaquoddy, English forts, fishing-stations, and vessels were attacked and destroyed by the savages with all the circumstances that make up the hideous features of barbaric reprisal. Unhappy Acadia came in for her share of condemnation. Although her innocent people had no part in these transactions, yet her missionaries had converted the Abenaki to faith in the symbol of the crucifixion, and it was currently reported and credited in New-England, that they had taught the savages to believe also the English were the people who had crucified our Saviour. To complicate matters again, the Chevalier de St. George (of whom there is no recollection except that he was anonymous, both as a Prince and as a man) sent his son, the fifth remove in stupidity, of the most stupid line of monarchs (not even excepting the Georges) that ever wore crowns, to stir up an insurrection among the most obtuse race of people that ever wore, or went without, breeches. A war be-

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\* In the treaty of Utrecht, no mention was made either of the Indians or of their lands.

tween France and England followed the descent of the Pretender. A war naturally followed in the Colonies. Cape Breton had always been a tempting bait for New-England enterprise, on account of the fisheries. The siege and capture of the great French fortress of Louisburgh, by the levies of Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, and Connecticut, under General Pepperal, was consequent upon the movements of events on the other side. But New-England had an eye to those fisheries! Is it not reasonable to suppose that the incursion of the Pretender had as much influence upon 'the solid men of Boston' then as now?

Again the ring of fire and slaughter met and ended in a treaty; the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, by which Cape Breton was ceded to France, and Nova Scotia, or Acadia, to England. Up to this time no attempt at colonizing the fertile valleys of Acadia, by its captors, had been successful. At last, under large and favorable grants from the Crown, a colony was established by the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, at a place called Halifax. Settlers poured into the new colony from the migratory centre of the moral world; Plymouth Rock sent forth her trained bands of bullet-headed and percussion-capped clergy. No sooner was Halifax settled, than sundry tribes of red men made predatory visits to the borders of the new colony. Reprisals followed reprisals, and it is not easy to say on which side lay the largest amount of savage fury. At the same time the Acadians remained true to the spirit and letter of the oath they had taken. 'They had relapsed,' says the chronicler, 'into a sort of sullen neutrality.' This was considered just cause of offence. The oath which had satisfied Governor Phipps, did not satisfy George II. A new oath of allegiance was tendered, by which the Acadians were required to become loyal subjects of the English Crown, to bear arms against their countrymen, and the Indians, to whom the poor colonists were bound by so many ties of obligation and affection. The consciences of these simple people revolted at a requisition 'so repugnant to the feelings of human nature.' Three hundred of the younger and braver Acadians took up arms against their oppressors. This overt act was just what was desired by the wily Puritans. Acadia, with its twenty thousand inhabitants, was placed under the ban of having violated the oath of neutrality in the persons of the three hundred. In vain the great body of the people protested that this act was contrary to their wishes, their peaceful habits, and beyond their control. At the fort of Beau Sejour, the brave three hundred made a gallant stand, but were defeated. Would there had been a Leonidas among them! Would that the whole of their kinsmen had erected forts instead of dykes, and dropped the plough-handles to press the edge of the sabre against the grindstone! Sad indeed is the fate of that people who make any terms with such an enemy, except such as may be granted at the bayonet's point. Sad indeed is the condition of that people who are wrapt in security when Persecution steals in upon them, hiding its bloody hands under the garments of sanctity.

Among the many incidents of these cruel wars, the fate of a Jesuit priest may stand as a type of the rest. Le Père Ralle had been a missionary for forty years among the various tribes of the Abenaki. 'His literary attainments were of a high order;' his knowledge of modern languages respectable; 'his Latin,' according to Haliburton,



'was pure, classical, and elegant;' and he was master of several of the Abenaki dialects; indeed, a manuscript dictionary of the Abenaki languages, in his hand-writing, is still preserved in the library of Harvard University. Of one of these tribes, the Norridgewoacks, Father Ralle was the pastor. Its little village was on the banks of the Kennebeck; the roof of its tiny chapel rose above the pointed wigwams of the savages; and a huge cross, the emblem of peace, lifted itself above all, the conspicuous feature of the settlement in the distance. By the tribe over which he had exercised his gentle rule for so many years, Le Père Ralle was regarded with superstitious reverence and affection.

It does not appear that these people had been accused of any overt acts, but nevertheless, the village was marked out for destruction. Two hundred and eight Massachusetts men were dispatched upon this errand. The settlement was surprised at night, and a terrible scene of slaughter ensued. Ralle came forth from his chapel to save, if possible, the lives of his miserable parishioners. 'As soon as he was seen,' says the chronicler,\* 'he was saluted with a great shout and a shower of bullets, and fell, together with seven Indians, who had rushed out of their tents to defend him with their bodies; and when the pursuit ceased, the Indians who had fled, returned to weep over their beloved missionary, and found him dead at the foot of the cross, his body perforated with balls, his head scalped, his skull broken with blows of hatchets, his mouth and eyes filled with mud, the bones of his legs broken, and his limbs dreadfully mangled. After having bathed his remains with their tears, they buried him on the site of the chapel, that had been hewn down with its crucifix, with whatever else remained of the emblems of idolatry.' Such was the merciless character of the invasion of Acadia; such the looming phantom of the greater crime, which was so speedily to spread ruin over her fair valleys, and scatter forever her pastoral people.

The tranquillity of entire subjugation followed these events in the Province. The New-Englander built his menacing forts along the rivers, and pressed into his service the labors of the neutral French. 'The requisitions which were made of them were not calculated to conciliate affection,' says the chronicler; the poor Acadian peasant was informed, if he did not supply the garrison fuel, his own house would be used for that purpose, and that neglect to furnish timber for the repairs of a fort, would be followed by drum-head court's martial, and 'military execution.'

To all these exactions, these unhappy people patiently submitted. But in vain. The very existence of the subjugated race had become irksome to their oppressors. A cruelty yet more intolerable, to which the history of the world affords no parallel, remained to be perpetrated.

But we are approaching the summit of the Gaspereau Mountain; and now, suddenly the whole valley comes in view: before us stretch the great waters of Minas; yonder, Blomidon bursts upon the sight; and below, curving like a green scimitar around the edge of the basin, and against the distant cliffs, that shut out the stormy Bay of Fundy, lies the Acadian land, the idyllic meadows of Grand-pré.

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\* CHOLEVOIX.



## S T A N Z A S : L I F E .

'AND what is life, that we should moan?  
Why make we such ado?'—MAY QUEEN.

OH! what is life, that we should moan?  
The world, that we should sigh?  
Crushed hearts are ever plentiful,  
The storm of sorrow high.

The storm of sorrow ever high,  
Woe's weight e'er crushing down;  
Faint heart, to stand Time's thundering blows;  
Faint heart, to meet a frown.

When the world is all aweary,  
Men's hearts to love unknown,  
And the strong soul now is sickening,  
Is life aught that we should moan?

Can the heart beat strong forever?  
All is false — nothing true:  
Let the storm come down upon us,  
Why make we such ado?

Stop! with thy poor murmuring heart  
True nature is at strife;  
The good that in this world men do  
Lives not alone in life.

Men are not beasts to eat, to drink;  
To die, then pass away;  
Remember! that the soul of man  
Springs upward from the clay.

That life is real, was not ill sung;  
Rise up, faint heart, be strong,  
The world is always wanting men  
To battle with the wrong.

Old Earth's rock-ribbed, out-spreading plains,  
Nor Ocean's tumbling wave,  
Were ever meant by GOD to be  
Activity's low grave.

Rise up, faint heart, rise up and work,  
Thy weary way relieve;  
These murmurings fall on men's souls  
Like water on a sieve.

And though for life we must not moan,  
Nor greatly make ado:  
That life is good — a blessing great —  
We *know* that it is true.

F. G. S.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AARON BURR, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army of the Revolution, United States Senator, Vice-President of the United States, etc. By J. PARTON, Author of the 'Life of HORACE GREELEY,' etc. In two Volumes: pp. 700. New-York: MASON BROTHERS, Numbers 108 and 110 Duane-street. London: SAMSON LOW AND SON. 1858.

TWENTY years ago, a distinguished doctor of divinity, reviewing the 'Memoirs of AARON BURR, with Miscellaneous Selections from his Correspondence, by MATTHEW L. DAVIS,' then just published, laid down the following rule: 'There are two classes of men the study of whose lives is especially profitable. These are the signally good, and the remarkably bad.' Starting with this proposition, it was necessary to place his 'subject' in one category or the other. Studiously avoiding the use of language which might wound the surviving friends of Colonel BURR, our reviewer does this in the following mild and impartial 'summing up':

'WITH the recklessness produced by a present which had no comfort, and a future which promised no hope, he surrendered himself without shame to the grovelling propensities which had formed his first step on the road to ruin, until at last, overcome by disease, in the decay of a worn-out body, and the imbecility of a much-abused mind, he lay a shattered wreck of humanity, just entering eternity with not enough of *man* left about him to make a Christian out of. Ruined in fortune, and rotten in reputation, thus passed from the busy scene one who might have been a glorious actor in it; and when he was laid in the grave, decency congratulated itself that a nuisance was removed, and good men were glad that God had seen fit to deliver society from the contaminating contact of a festering mass of moral putrefaction.'—Vide the *New-York Review* for January, 1838.

To such a monster, could an intelligent and high-minded woman, even though she were his daughter, write as follows?

'I WITNESS your extraordinary fortitude with new wonder at every new misfortune. Often, after reflecting on this subject, you appear to me so superior, so elevated above all other men; I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love, and pride, that very little superstition would be necessary to make me worship you as a superior being; such enthusiasm does your character excite in me. When I afterward revert to myself, how insignificant do my best qualities appear! My vanity would be greater, if I had not been placed so near you; and yet my pride is our

relationship. I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man.' — *Theodosia Burr Alston to her Father, Aaron Burr.*

It is very certain that the devil is not in this instance so black as he has been painted. 'The story of AARON BURR's strange, eventful life,' says our author in the preface, 'which must possess interest for the American people always, I attempt to tell, because no one else has told it.' He has certainly succeeded in giving us a clearer idea of AARON BURR, the soldier, lawyer, politician, and man, than can be gathered from all that had been previously written concerning him. Here is another short extract from the preface :

'It may occur to some readers that the good in BURR is too conspicuously displayed, or his faults too lightly touched, in this volume. To such I desire to say that, in my opinion, it is the *good* in a man who goes astray, that ought most to alarm and warn his fellow-men. To suppress the good qualities and deeds of a BURR is only less immoral than to suppress the faults of a WASHINGTON. In either case, the practical use of the example is lost. Who can hope to imitate a perfect character? Who fears that he shall ever resemble an unredeemed villain?

'Beside, AARON BURR has had hard measure at the hands of his countrymen. By men far beneath him, even in moral respects, he has been most cruelly and basely belied. Let the truth of his marvellous history be told at last. If, here and there, my natural and just indignation at the unworthy treatment to which his name has been subjected, has biased me slightly in his favor, the error, I trust, will not be thought unpardonable. AARON BURR was no angel; he was no devil; he was a man, and a—filibuster.'

Born at Newark, (N. J.) February sixth, 1756, AARON BURR was left without father or mother before he was a year old. He was reared in the family of the Rev. TIMOTHY EDWARDS, son of JONATHAN EDWARDS. He graduated at Princeton, in 1772, when he was sixteen years old. 'Here he formed friendships,' says his biographer, 'that ended only with his life. WILLIAM PATTERSON, afterward a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; the gallant Colonel MATTHIAS OGDEN, of New-Jersey; SAMUEL SPRING, who became a distinguished divine, and who was the father of Dr. G. SPRING, a still more eminent theologian, were among those whom he loved at college, and who loved him while they lived.' After leaving college, BURR went to reside with Dr. BELLAMY, whom he left after a few months, 'satisfied that the road to heaven was open to all alike :'

'In other words, he rejected the gospel, according to JONATHAN EDWARDS; rejected it, as he always maintained, after a calm and full investigation; rejected it completely and forever. To the close of his life, he avoided disputes upon questions of religion; and when, on one or two occasions only, he was drawn into such a discussion, he reproached himself for his folly afterward. The gospel which the young man accepted, lived by, and died in, was the gospel according to PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, Lord CHESTERFIELD; which from BURR's day to this, has been cultivated Young AMERICA's usual poor recoil from the Puritanism of its childhood. CHESTERFIELD himself was not a more consummate Chesterfieldian than AARON BURR. The intrepidity, the self-possession, the consideration for others, the pursuit of knowledge, which CHESTERFIELD commends, were all illustrated in the character of the young American, who also availed himself of the *license* which that perfect man of the world allowed himself, and recommended to his son.'

In 1775 BURR joined the Revolutionary Army a few days after WASHINGTON took command of it. Fretting himself into a fever, literally, at the inaction which followed the battle of Bunker Hill, he recovered at the news of an expedition which, under Col. ARNOLD, was to march through the forests of Maine to attack Quebec. He fitted out four or five stout fellows at his own expense, and with them marched from Boston to Newburyport. BURR's conduct on this unfortunate expedition won him the confidence and esteem

of his superior officers. He was selected by Col. ARNOLD for the difficult enterprise of conveying intelligence to MONTGOMERY of the movements of the expedition against Quebec, and requesting his coöperation. This mission he performed in safety, travelling one hundred and twenty miles through an enemy's country to do so. MONTGOMERY appreciated the 'stuff' of the young soldier at once, and appointed him on his staff with the rank of captain; and from that time until the close of his career in the army, he never was found lacking in any soldierly quality.

When the attack on Quebec was repulsed, and the gallant MONTGOMERY had fallen, BURR raised his prostrate form on his shoulders and attempted to bear it off, the enemy close upon his heels in hot pursuit. His bravery was mentioned in the dispatches to Congress and to General WASHINGTON, and, as his biographer says, 'laid the foundation of his fortune.' He was afterward an aid-de-camp to General WASHINGTON, but like General HAMILTON, seems to have found this position irksome to him. He relinquished it for the same position under General PUTNAM. That this was a post much more likely to suit a youth of the temperament of Major BURR, it is easy to believe. About this time Major BURR made the acquaintance of Miss MONCRIEFFE, and also made a conquest of her susceptible heart. She is named in MATTHEW L. DAVIS's book as one of the earliest of BURR's victims, taking the proof of the fact from the lady's own statement. Mr. PARTON finds, however, that the lady's narrative expressly *contradicts* Mr. DAVIS's insinuations. It is a great pity to spoil so pretty a story, Mr. PARTON.

In 1777 he was notified by General WASHINGTON of his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel — 'the youngest man who had held that rank in the Revolutionary Army, or who has ever held it in the United States,' says his biographer; 'yet he thought his promotion was unjustly tardy.'

'In his letter of acknowledgment to the commander-in-chief, he said he was truly sensible of the honor done him, and should be studious to comport himself in his new rank so as to secure his general's esteem; yet he was constrained to observe that the late date of his appointment subjected him to the command of some officers who were his juniors last campaign; and he should like, with submission, to know whether it was misconduct in him, or extraordinary merit in them, which had given them the preference. He wanted, he continued, to avoid equally the character of turbulent or passive, but as a decent regard to rank was proper and necessary, he hoped the concern he felt was excusable in one who regarded his honor next to the welfare of his country. The general's reply to this letter has not been preserved.'

It was probably a letter that Col. BURR did not care to preserve.

Soon after this, BURR made the acquaintance of Mrs. PREVOST, at Paramus, (N. J.) She was some ten years his senior, and the mother of two children; but notwithstanding this disparity in years, BURR afterward married her, and neither of them seems ever to have repented the choice. 'In 1779, Col. BURR was placed in command of the 'lines' in Westchester county, New-York.' Here he acquired his greatest distinction as a soldier. Here, amid the most exacting duties as a commander, he found time, twice during the winter, to visit Paramus. Of one of these visits Mr. PARTON gives a very graphic account. As we sit in our sanctum, overlooking Tappan Bay, we can almost see the whole scene. The handsome Colonel riding from White Plains along the 'lines' to 'WOOLFERT'S ROOST;' the six troopers alert in the barge under the bank; the horse bound and lifted into the barge; and the

men plying their oars, as they naturally would for such a Colonel on such an expedition; the landing at 'Tappan Sloat,' and the gallop to Paramus; but here our imagination fails, and having no experience to guide us farther, we leave the sketch to be finished by the reader.

In March, 1779, Colonel BURR wrote to General WASHINGTON, resigning his commission, on account of ill-health. In accepting his resignation, General WASHINGTON said that he 'not only regretted the loss of a good officer, but the cause that made his resignation necessary.' During the four years of his connection with the army, his fortune was greatly impaired. Every officer who had any thing to lose, suffered in his circumstances in the Revolution, and BURR more than most. He had the popular and fatal vice of improvidence. At the age when WASHINGTON was earning three guineas a day in the woods, glad of the opportunity to do so, and rather proud of the fact than otherwise, BURR was spending, with inconsiderate generosity, the capital of his patrimony. With amazing talents for gaining money, he had an equally wonderful facility for getting rid of it. It slipped through his fingers; it ran out of his pocket; it would *not* stay with him. To see a fellow-soldier in distress, and to empty his purse for his relief, were simultaneous actions with him.

Here ended his connection with the army. Of his career as a lawyer, his plunge into 'the dirty pool of politics,' ending with his elevation to the Vice-Presidency; his duel with HAMILTON; his flight from New-York in consequence; his scheme of founding an empire in Mexico; his trial for treason, and his departure for Europe, ruined but not disheartened — of these we have not space to speak. The chapters treating of these subjects are replete with interest, but it would be unjust to our author to garble his statements by making extracts from them. Tracing BURR's misfortunes and failures to the fruitful source, politics, Mr. PARTON discourses as follows:

'ACCURSED be politics forever! The maelstrom that has drawn in and engulfed so many able and worthy men. What talent it absorbs that is so needed elsewhere! How many fair reputations it has blasted! What toil, what ingenuity, what wealth, what lives have been wasted upon it! How mean are political methods and expedients, and how absurdly disproportionate are political triumphs to their cost! Politics can never be reformed. To abolish politics altogether is perhaps the atonement America is going, one day, to make to an outraged world, for sinking to the deepest deep, and wallowing in the filthiest filth of political turpitude.'

At the close of his book we have this view of the subject:

'POLITICS, apart from the pursuit of office, have again become real and interesting. The issue is distinct and important enough to justify the intense concern of a nation. To a young man coming upon the stage of life with the opportunities of AARON BURR, a glorious and genuine political career is possible. The dainty keeping aloof from the discussion of public affairs, which has been the fashion until lately, will not again find favor with any but the very stupid, for a long time to come. The intellect of the United States, once roused to the consideration of political questions, will doubtless be found competent to the work demanded of it.'

'A good deal may be said on *both* sides of this question,' it seems. But this apart. From the Vice-Presidency to the experiences in Paris of which BURR writes, what a fall! He says:

'It is now so cold that I should be glad of a fire; but to that I have great objections for what would become of the fifty plays, and something, I won't tell what, which I

meditate to buy for GAMPILLO, that will make his little heart beat?' Or this: 'I never spend a livre that I do not calculate what pretty thing it might have bought for you (THEODOSIA) and GAMPILLO.' Or this: 'I was near going to bed without writing to you, for it is very cold, and I have only two little stumps (of wood) about as big as your little fists. But then I thought you would so pout; so I mustered courage, and have wrote you all this, hussy.' Or this: 'I wear no surtout, for a great many philosophic reasons; principally, because I have not got one. The old great-coat which I brought from America, still serves for travelling, if I should ever travel again.'

BURR finds nothing in such experiences to sadden him, but maintains his usual light-hearted gayety through all. Once only in his diary does he suffer an expression of sadness to escape him. It is when the vessel in which he comes 'Home' is coming into Boston: 'Mr. ARNOT,' wrote BURR, 'is a grave, silent, strange sort of animal, insomuch that we know not what to make of him.' May fourth, he wrote: 'A pilot is in sight, and within two miles of us. All is bustle and joy, except GAMP. Why should he rejoice?' (As Mr. 'ARNOT' BURR was known to his fellow-passengers: 'GAMPY,' and 'GAMP,' his little grand-son used to call him.)

We have already given an extract from one of THEODOSIA's letters: in a similar vein is the following, to her father in Europe:

'RETURN to me, or tell me that you are engaged in a pursuit worthy of you.' 'O my guardian angel! why were you obliged to abandon me just when enfeebled nature doubly required your care? How often, when my tongue and hands trembled with disease, have I besought HEAVEN either to reunite us, or let me die at once. Yet do not hence imagine that I yield to infantine lamentations or impatience. As soon as relief from pain restored me in some measure to myself, I became more worthy the happiness of being your daughter.'

'That such a woman,' says Mr. PARTON, 'could so entirely love and believe in him, was the fact which first led the writer of these lines to suspect that the AARON BURR, who actually lived and walked these streets, must have been a very different being indeed from the AARON BURR of the popular imagination.' The last six chapters of this biography contain many anecdotes of BURR, and numerous incidents, which throw light on his character and peculiarities. A gentleman who spent some time in his office, gave the author the following account of his daily habits:

'He rose at the dawn. A breakfast of an egg and a cup of coffee sufficed for this most abstemious of men; after which he worked among his papers for some hours before his clerk and assistants arrived. He was a hard task-master: he 'kept us all upon the jump.' All day he was dispatching and receiving messages, sending for books, persons, and papers; expecting every command to be obeyed with next-to-impossible celerity, inspiring every one with his own zeal, and getting a surprising quantity of work accomplished. 'He was *business incarnate*,' said my informant. About ten in the evening he would give over, invite his companions to the side-board, and take a single glass of wine. Then his spirits would rise, and he would sit for hours telling stories of his past life, and drawing brief and graphic sketches of celebrated characters with whom he had acted. Often he was full of wit and gayety at such times; 'the liveliest fellow in the world;' 'as merry as a boy;' 'never melancholy, never ill-natured.' About mid-night, or later, he would lie down upon a hard couch in a corner of his office, and sleep 'like a child,' until the morning. In his personal habits he was a thorough-going Spartan: eating little, drinking little, sleeping little, working hard. He was fond of calculating upon how small a sum life could be supported, and used to think that he could live well enough upon seventy-five cents a week.'

Of BURR's inconsiderate generosity, before alluded to, numerous instances are given. Nothing would cure him of it. Indeed, the 'vice of improvidence' is always incurable. Often reduced to the direst extremity for want of money while in Europe, he becomes possessed of twenty-five dollars, and

magnificently lends fifteen of it to the first needy acquaintance whom he meets. On his return from Europe, penniless, he sells some books in Boston, and receives thirty dollars for them. Half this sum he lends at once to his landlady. 'It was repaid just as his store was reduced to a half-dime.' Then a fellow-passenger called to borrow ten dollars of Mr. ARNOT, (the name assumed by Col. BURR on leaving London,) 'which that gentleman lent with the air of a Vice-President.' At seventy-five, most men are prudent in money-matters, if ever. Colonel BURR, at this age, displays the quality in the following manner: Receiving one morning a large amount of money in bills, he takes from the roll a fifty-dollar note, and puts it between the leaves of a law-book, replacing the book on the shelf, and depositing the rest in the middle of his table. By three o'clock this pile has been distributed among the daily concourse of begging visitors. At four, having to go to Albany, he looks for his 'deposit' on the table, and finds nothing. An examination of his pockets produces 'only a few coins.' 'Bless me!' he exclaims to the wife of his partner, who had watched his pecuniary transactions during the day; 'I have to go to Albany in half-an-hour, and have no money.'

'COULD madame lend him ten dollars? Madame could not. Would madame oblige him by stepping over and asking her good mother to lend him the amount? Madame was of opinion that her good mother would not lend Colonel BURR any *more* money. He was at his wits' end. At length she said:

'But, Colonel, what are you going to do with the fifty-dollar bill in that book yonder?'

'Oh! I forgot,' he said; 'I put it there this morning on purpose. What a treasure you are to remind me of it!'

We must close this extended notice with a few extracts from the chapter headed '*His Relations with Women*.'

'ONE morning, near the close of his life, as he lay upon his bed prostrate with paralysis, a lady said to him in a bantering way:

'Colonel, I wonder, now, if you ever *were* the gay *LOTHARIO* they say you were?'

'The old man turned his eyes, the lustre of which was undiminished still, toward the friend who made the remark, and lifting his trembling finger, said in his quiet, impressive whisper, which still lingers in her ears, and which brought tears to her eyes, twenty years after, as she repeated the words:

'They say! *they say!* THEY SAY! Ah! my child, how long are you going to continue to use those dreadful words? Those two little words have done more harm than all others. Never use them, my dear. *Never use them!*'

Much has been said regarding the letters which, after BURR's death, fell into the hands of his executor, and for destroying which, Mr. DAVIS claims so much credit. Of these Mr. PARTON says:

'BEFORE Mr. DAVIS received any of BURR's letters or papers, they were carefully examined by two persons, one of them a male relative of Colonel BURR's, and the other a lady who had an especial and honorable motive for examining every one of them, particularly those addressed to and received from women. One of these persons still lives; her positive and circumstantial testimony, added to that already given, enables me to assert, what I now do assert, that Mr. DAVIS was utterly mistaken as to the character of the letters to which he alludes. *He received no letters necessarily criminating ladies!* There are persons to whom every act of gallant attention looks like an invitation to love. They cannot conceive of affection between the sexes free from passion. They know very well what turn *they* would give to such attachments, if they possessed the power to charm and win the fair, and it is but natural they should misinterpret the gallantries of others.'

Is not the following a happy instance of turning an awkward slip of the



tongue into a delicate compliment? If ladies liked flattery, such a man would be a favorite with them :

'PASSING in Broadway a maiden lady of a certain age, whom he had not seen for many years, she accosts him with : 'Colonel, do you not recollect me?' 'I do not, madam,' 'I am Miss K——, Sir,' said she. 'What,' he exclaimed, 'Miss K—— yet?' 'Yes, Sir,' replied the lady, a little offended, 'Miss K—— yet.'

'Perceiving the error he had committed, he gently took her hand, and said, in his bland, emphatic manner: 'Well, madam, then I venture to assert that it is not the fault of *my* sex!'

Returning from a professional visit to Orange county, in the seventieth year of his age, he was compelled to ask shelter for himself and man from a severe storm, at a farm-house. On entering the house, he noticed casually a plaster-bust standing on a shelf in the corner. Turning again 'to ascertain which of the national favorites it was whom the old lady had chosen to adorn her abode, he was astonished to discover that it was a bust of himself!'

'WHAT!' said BURR to his hostess, 'have you got that vile traitor here?'

The woman paused in her work as he uttered these words. Her manner changed in a moment. Putting down some plates which she had in her hand, she walked slowly up to the fire where he was sitting, and standing before him, said with intense emphasis :

'Sir, I have taken you in to-night, and have done the best I could for you : but if you say another word against AARON BURR, I'll put you and your man out where you came from quicker than you came in.'

He apologized, and, after a time, succeeded in regaining her good will. He did not tell her who he was, nor could he recollect her.'

Always bearing his own troubles manfully, he never liked to hear others complain :

'On one occasion, when a friend had met with an affliction, she said to him : 'O Colonel! how *shall* I get through this?'

'Live through it, my dear!' was his emphatic reply.

'Still complaining, she said : 'This *will* kill me, Colonel; I know I can not survive *this*.'

'Well,' said he, '*die*, then, madam : we must all die; but bless me, die game!'

This was the lady whose unremitting kindness and filial affection, almost supplied to BURR the place of his lost darling, THEODOSIA, for the last year of his life. Her house in Stone-street, New-York, was his home, until he removed to Port Richmond, some three months before his death. Thither she accompanied him; and leaving him with his friends, promised to visit him every day. In taking leave of her, he took her hand, and raising it between his own in the manner of supplication, he said, in a tone of mingled tenderness and fervency never to be forgotten : 'May God forever and forever, and forever, bless you, my last, best friend. When the hour comes, I will look out, in the better country, for one bright spot for you — be sure.'

'After life's fitful fever,' AARON BURR sleeps with his fathers in the cemetery at Princeton, (N. J.) A small monument marks the spot, bearing this inscription :

Aaron Burr :

BORN FEBRUARY 6TH, 1756.

DIED SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1836.

A COLONEL IN THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FROM 1801 TO 1805.

THE PLENARY INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. By ELEAZER LORD. In one Volume: pp. 305. New-York: M. W. DODD, Number 506 Broadway.

THE author of this elaborately-reasoned work, Mr. ELEAZER LORD, of Piermont, on the Hudson, was for many years one of the Publishing Committee of the American Bible Society; and in an able dedicatory letter to the Senior Secretary of that great and honored institution, Rev. JOHN C. BRIGHAM, D.D., he sets forth the objects and motives which impelled him to its publication. The cardinal doctrine which the author defends is, that the SCRIPTURES are literally the infallible '*Word of God.*' It is not our purpose to follow the writer in his strongly-enforced argument on this point, but must direct the reader to his volume for abundant confirmation of the truth of his belief. That to which we wish especially to call the attention of our readers, is his remarks upon *Language*, as the medium and direct instrument of thought. It is shown, from the sacred oracles, and from the constitution, experience, and consciousness of man, that language is exclusively the medium and instrument of thought; 'that the conveyance of thoughts from one mind to another necessarily includes a vocal utterance, or a transfer, by inspiration or otherwise, of the words which express them; that inspiration is affirmed, not of the sacred writers personally, but of what they wrote; that we think in words, receive the thoughts of others in their words, intellectually conceive thoughts, are conscious of them, remember them, and express them, only in words and signs equivalent to vocal articulations; and that words intelligibly and legitimately used, necessarily and perfectly signify and express the thoughts conceived in them; and it is therefore argued, that the inspiration of the Divine thoughts into the minds of the sacred writers necessarily comprised the inspiration of the words by which they were rendered intelligently conscious of the thoughts conveyed, and which they wrote as they received them; that on this ground, that which they wrote is in fact, and is therefore expressly denominated, the Word of God; and that what they wrote was inspired in the language of common life, and in the style and idioms of the respective writers, to the end that they and their unlearned readers might correctly understand it; and that, when translated into the like phraseology of different nations, it might be level to the capacity, and within the comprehension, of the common people.'

It will be seen that these views differ very widely from those which have been held by LOCKE and others, and which have hitherto greatly, if not generally, prevailed. We shall state the *gist* of a particular branch of our author's argument by a few segregated passages, which will show that in his own forcible and direct language we have the best proof of the irrefragibility of his position. We select our pencilled passages, as we have intimated, at random, rather than in regular sequence, for the reason that we desire rather to stimulate than to satisfy curiosity, in relation to this remarkable work, and to *indicate* propositions which are supported by an affluence of apposite illustrations:

'Since the thoughts of one created intelligence can be conveyed to another by means of words, it is certain that the thoughts of the INFINITE INTELLIGENCE may be so conveyed; and since the conveyance of thoughts in words from one man to another does not infringe, but is in harmony with the laws of his intelligent nature, it is plain that the conveyance of the DIVINE thoughts in words by inspiration, may be in harmony with those laws.

'All intellectual conceptions include the words, or equivalent signs, by which they are intelligibly expressed; and they are necessarily expressed in the words or signs in which they are conceived. To suppose that they can be vocally expressed in any other than the words in which he who expresses conceives them, is as absurd as to suppose that he can convey them by writing words which have a different and contrary meaning; and to say that he can think them without words, is no less absurd than to say that he can express them in writing without writing words. Sensations and emotions, in so far as they occur and exist independently of words, occur and exist independently of thought. But whatever the subjects of thought may be, whether physical or intellectual, geometrical figures or arithmetical proportions, facts or fictions, history or biography, moral precepts or religious doctrines, there are no distinct thoughts of them of which men are conscious, except in words, and words which when spoken or written express them to others.' . . . 'A knowledge of words, or of signs equivalent in significance to words, is a condition precedent to the exercise of the power of thinking. Hence the necessity of teaching the meaning of words and signs to children. They first learn the meaning of signs, gestures, expressive looks; next that of sounds, vocal articulations, particular words, exclamations, interrogations, commands, phrases, sentences. These being associated with the thoughts which they are employed to convey, they remember. By recalling and reasoning from these they learn to think. The more their knowledge of words is extended, the more they are enabled to exercise the power of thinking.'

Our readers will bear us witness, that we have on more than one occasion expressed in these pages the truth affirmed in the Italicised lines of the ensuing passage:

'Words, when a man speaks or writes them truly to express what he is conscious of thinking, convey to the hearer or reader as exactly and perfectly what he thinks, as it exists in his own mind; and to that effect accordingly they are understood.' . . . 'It is not pretended that words represent colors, or sounds, or sensations. It is their office to represent and express thoughts, and that they perfectly accomplish. For example: the word *blue* is the name of a color of which we attain a knowledge only by sight. The word *thunder* is the name of a sound which we know by hearing. The word *pain* is the name of a sensation which we know by suffering it. When we have experienced what these names denote, and learned what they are employed to signify, we think of the several sensations in the words appropriated to them respectively. When we utter those words in the hearing of those who from their own experience understand them, they perfectly convey our thoughts.'

Let any reader take up the 'Sketch-Book,' or 'Bracebridge-Hall,' or any other work of our greatest master of 'pure, unadulterated English,' and tell us if LOCKE's theory of 'Ideas,' 'Words,' 'Things,' and 'Thoughts,' as contradistinguished, is a tenable one. Why, IRVING not only *thinks* in words, he *paints* in words, with colors as rich and truthful as those of a CLAUDE or a REMBRANDT. Our space is growing scanty; but hear our author in one brief passage more, upon this theme:

'BECAUSE words are the constituted instrument and vehicle of thought, and we conceive thoughts in words, and not without or independently of them, they necessarily and perfectly express the thoughts conceived in them. As conceived, they represent to the intellect, as when written to the eye, and when spoken to the ear, all that we are conscious of in the act of thinking. Sensations, feelings, and emotions, are subject to no fixed or uniform rules. But words are regulated and restricted in their office. As the vehicle and representative of thought, they are its perfect counterpart and correlate. As well might one pretend to see objects which do not exist, or are not visible, and which, therefore, he cannot be conscious of seeing — or to hear sounds which he is not conscious of hearing — as to pretend that he has thoughts of which he is not conscious, or which differ in kind or degree from those of which their vehicle makes him conscious. Words exist solely to be the instrument and medium of thought, as the visibility of objects exists that they may be seen, and the audibility of sounds that they may be

heard. If successive acts of seeing the same identical objects so as perfectly to distinguish them, were not uniform and certain, the power of seeing, so far from fulfilling its purpose, would but mislead and confuse. If successive sounds were not so heard as uniformly and perfectly to distinguish one sound from another, the power of hearing, instead of guiding, would confound us. So as to the power of thinking. If the vehicle of thought were not necessarily, uniformly, and perfectly commensurate with the thoughts conceived, we could have no certainty as to what our thoughts were. Whether as to thoughts intellectually conceived in words, or thoughts vocally expressed to us by our fellow-men, it is plain that we can no further comprehend and be conscious of them, than the words employed perfectly represent and express them. All that we know, in either case, is the meaning of the words employed in each particular instance. Hence the necessity of learning the meaning of words in order to conceive in them the thoughts which they represent and are intended to express, and to understand by them the thoughts of others who speak or write them. *No man receives the thoughts of another, if expressed in a tongue foreign to him; nor can he conceive thoughts which in his own or other tongues are represented only by words unknown to him.*

This work must needs attract marked attention. Oracular theories, long-received, and widely perpetuated, are not lightly to be assailed. Nor can this book. It cannot be '*lightly*' assailed. It must be *met*. It is well printed, with excellent types and good paper.

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SERVICES AT THE DEDICATION OF 'GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY,' Montpelier, Vermont, September 15, 1855. Published by Order of the Commissioners. Montpelier: Press of E. P. WALTON, Jr.

'SERVICES' such as those recorded in the handsome pamphlet before us are not to be considered local. Every where are the dying and the dead; every where are the last resting-places of the 'weary and heavy laden,' as well as of the proud, the cherished, the beloved of earth; and glad are we to say, that in *almost* every section of our extended and extending country, *Rural Cemeteries* are being formed, where the charms of nature and of art are made to adorn and beautify the graves of the departed. On the present occasion, the services were striking, and of more than common interest. The scene, under the Green Mountains, looking down upon vale, and stream, and the white dwellings of citizens gleaming among the trees that shade the adjacent village, must have been both imposing and beautiful. The exercises commenced with a chant, adapted mainly from the Ninetieth Psalm, written for the occasion by Mr. H. D. HOPKINS, and effectively performed by a local 'Choir Association.' This was followed by the reading of an appropriate selection of passages from the Holy SCRIPTURES, prayer, etc. The 'ADDRESS' was by Rev. F. W. SHELTON, Rector of the Episcopal Church at Montpelier. That it was not only well suited to the occasion, but in all other respects excellent, the following extract would sufficiently evince; even though the reputation of the speaker did not render a contrary supposition improbable, at least, if not impossible:

'WHEN we gaze upon this crowd, in connection with the object which has brought them here, and consider how large a part of it shall, at some time or other, be dissolved and mingle with this surrounding dust, it awakens a throb of feeling to which words cannot do justice. There is a poetry, it is true, connected with the cultivation of rural cemeteries; but I trust that it is something better than the sentimentalism which is without depth, and vapid. For it is not the charm which we may throw around these melancholy places that can deprive DEATH of its sting, or soften one shadow on the

brow of the KING OF TERRORS. It is not that the darkness of the grave can be mitigated, because the outside of it is beautiful like a garden, nor that the sleeper will rest more softly on a bed which is perfumed with violets. It will be as cold and hard and dark beneath the clods, as if no garlands were above it. But the teachings of a Holy FAITH can give a meaning to such adornments, and surround them with a tender solace, as the emblems of an immortal bloom.

It is because of the effect which they will have upon ourselves, and not for any good which they will do the silent sleepers. To be occupied in such pious rites, is to disengage us a little from the world's incrustations; to break asunder from the bonds of a prevailing selfishness; to pay that which is due to Memory, and raise our eyes to the halo which invests the Future. It is to gain strength for ourselves to look down fearlessly into the portals of the solemn tomb; to pay, in thought, and study, and reflection, something of what we owe to the characters of the good and noble. We know that man but poorly, whom we have only known when he was living. The best may be said only to begin to live when the grave has closed upon them. I speak not this of their own destiny, but their major influence is given forth only when they have ceased to be. It is the memory of their lives, more than their very lives, which can sink at last into our hearts, or fully exhibit their own. They are like those things which we might not have noticed, if they had not passed by. So, the river rolls on over an arid landscape, but when its chiefest volume has left the banks, then the vegetation springs up. It is from the past, the past, that we gather all our wisdom, and live a thousand years in a day. Thus we see that it springs from a refined motive, and that its tendency is salutary, when we seek to adorn a spot like this. It is to cherish the memory of those who have gone before us, and to show that Love is not an empty name.

‘How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country’s wishes blest!  
When SPRING, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than FANCY’S feet have ever trod.’

‘In surveying this spot, and the uses for which it is designed, some might be disposed to inquire: ‘What need of these extensive domains?’ At a little distance from where we are now standing, among these wild Green Mountains, there is an humble village in the valley. It is full of thrift and industry, yet when centuries shall have passed away—from its location by nature—it will be only a village still.

This place shall be a *city*: the youngest here present may live to see how it shall outstrip the other, in the number of its inhabitants. There will be no such compact masses and ranks of men in yonder streets as shall be assembled here. Thus DEATH gains upon LIFE in all places, until LIFE shall gain the final victory over DEATH.

On the border of that village there is already a Cemetery of the dead, but it would soon be over-crowded. It clamors already for a larger domain. Thus Necessity itself has coincided with Feeling in selecting a more ample and eligible place. There are many tender and touching associations, no doubt, connected with that spot, for its construction is coeval with the settlement of this village. How many tears have fallen on its hitherto untroubled and quiet graves! There the child slumbers, and the young man, cut down in the nobility of his strength; there the blossoms of the almond-tree have fallen; there the lovely daughter has been borne away, when bursting into the grace of womanhood, and when

‘CONSUMPTION, like a worm I’ the bud,  
Fed on her damask cheek.’

‘There, truly, are deposited the richest treasures which you had on earth.

‘But if in love and tenderness you shall disturb those ashes, to bring them here, it will be only as when one shall rearrange a couch, that they may rest more sweetly and securely and quietly forever. Here you will come afterward to smooth their narrow bed, to recall their virtues, to renew your vows of constancy, and to say: ‘My Father! my Mother! my Brother! my Sister! my Child! forget thee?—NEVER!’

Hither will you come with every changing season of the year to renew your pilgrimage. Hither, when the winter is past, when the rain is over and gone, when the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; hither, when the autumn dyes the foliage with mellow tints and hectic colors; and you will reflect upon it without a pang, and you yourselves will covet no better lot than at last to lie down with these sleepers.’

What adds more to *our* appreciation of the feeling and beauty of this passage, is a knowledge of the fact, that only a few short days ago, the speaker had buried two lovely children, the pride and joy of his household; dear little ones, every day and hour recalled to his memory by countless

familiar objects—a thousand past endearments, and tender recollections. He left us at ‘Cedar-Hill Cottage,’ after a brief but well-remembered visit, to find the dear ones whose little winning ways and amusing childish sayings and fancies he had recited to *our* delighted juveniles, tossing upon beds of pain and suffering, from which they were never to rise alive. Who, save the anxious, loving, faithful mother, had ‘sorrow like unto his sorrow’? But ‘sacred, secret, and silent, is the sorrow of the deeply-bereaved.’ The remainder of the pamphlet under notice is devoted to the ‘Presentation of the Title-Deeds,’ the ‘Dedication’ of the Cemetery by Rev. WILLIAM H. LORD, and an ‘Original Hymn,’ (very admirable in conception and rhythm,) by Mr. CHARLES G. EASTMAN, who, though he has not written *much*, has always written *well*.

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TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA: being a Journal of an Expedition, undertaken under the Auspices of Her BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S Government, in the years 1849, 1855. By HENRY BARTH, PH., D.C.L., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies, etc., etc. In three Volumes: Volume the First: pp. 657. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE first instalment of this work has so deeply interested us, that we have been led to think that the experienced publishers, from whose prolific press it proceeds, have for once in their lives made a mistake. Possibly *not*, however: they may understand, and doubtless they *do*, the policy of stimulating, without satisfying, public curiosity. If this *be* their policy, they most certainly have succeeded.

Herr BARTH's name is sufficiently well known to the larger number of readers who will be tempted to buy his volumes. He is very egotistical, but his very egotism is his especial *especialité*. Of his journey through Barbary he says: ‘Having undertaken this journey quite alone, I spent nearly my whole time with the Arabs, and familiarized myself with that state of human society where the camel is man's daily companion, and the culture of the date his chief occupation.’ And he goes on to say, that he ‘made long journeys through desert tracts: he travelled all around the great Syrtis; and passing through the picturesque little tract of Cyrenaica, traversed the whole country toward Egypt:’ ‘I wandered about for above a month, in the desert valleys of that region, and afterward pursued my journey by land all the way through Syria and Asia Minor to Constantinople.’ The course and scope of our author's farther journey are succinctly summed up by ‘*The Evening Post*’ daily journal:

‘WHILE travelling thus through the singular country which separated the Great Desert from the Mediterranean, never quite without the comforts of civilized life, his imagination was busy with those extensive tracts far away in the interior, of which only vague and uncertain rumors had reached the ears of Europeans. The promise of a Hanza slave in the regency of Tunis, ‘Please God, you shall go and visit Kano,’ kindled in him a desire of wilder adventure; a desire which a subsequent restoration to the scholarly tranquillity of Berlin did not diminish.

‘Therefore, in 1849, when the British Government, about to send Mr. RICHARDSON on a mission to Central Africa, signified its willingness to attach a German traveller to the expedition, Mr. BARTH, then lecturing on comparative geography, and the colonial commerce of antiquity, was ready to improve an opportunity which promised the fulfilment of his cherished project, and to join an excursion, where his previous knowledge



of Africa and its inhabitants, fitted him to be eminently useful. The exploring party consisted of Mr. RICHARDSON, two foreign gentlemen, and an English sailor. The last, however, proved himself unfit for such peculiar service, and was consequently discharged at an early day.

Mr. RICHARDSON had made his first journey to Ghat unarmed, because he went as a private citizen, without instruments or presents. But as this expedition was designed not only to make discoveries, but to promote friendly relations with the natives, and was, therefore, provided with presents, and all the usual means of producing a favorable impression on uncultivated tribes, it was deemed necessary to take arms—a precaution the wisdom of which after events sufficiently justified. It is a comparatively easy thing to travel unarmed and yet unmolested among nations, however barbarous, of homogeneous race and religion; but an extremely difficult one to pass through a country inhabited by warring tribes.

Mr. RICHARDSON did not live to see the end of his noble undertaking. But after his death, in March 1851, the British Government had such confidence in our author as to furnish him with the means of consummating the enterprise. In recognition of its kindness, Mr. BARTH has successfully undertaken an account of his journey in a language not his own. While correcting the errors of his predecessors in this field of discovery, he modestly acknowledges his great indebtedness to them, and confesses, that with all the light shed by them upon the subject, it would have been unpardonable not to have penetrated farther, or obtained a clearer knowledge of both country and people.

Dr. BARTH states that only in a single instance, and then in order to reach Timbuctu, did he find occasion to conceal his religion; but that he often defended Christianity against the assaults of Islamism, before tolerant and respectful listeners. He conformed, however, so far to the innocent prejudices of the people among whom he was, as to adopt their style of dress; and his custom of alms-giving made him extremely popular. Consequently, the natives took so great an interest in his welfare, that when extremely ill, they said of him: 'ABD EL KERIM (servant of the Merciful) shall not die.'

The country traversed by Dr. BARTH in this expedition extended over twenty-four degrees of latitude and twenty of longitude. After crossing deserts of frightful desolation, he came upon fertile lands watered by navigable rivers and large central lakes, covered with the finest timber, and fruitful in grain, rice, nuts, sugar-cane, cotton, and indigo—products found abundantly all over Central Africa. The people wear cotton of their own weaving, and dyed with native indigo. The Niger, by means of its eastern branch, affords uninterrupted navigation into the interior for six hundred miles. At a distance of about three hundred miles from the coast, the western branch is interrupted by rapids and cataracts; but higher up, the river opens an unobstructed highway a thousand miles long, into the heart of Western Africa, so rich in vegetable, animal, and mineral products. These regions exhibit an equal variety in the human race. Starting from Tripoli, on the north, the traveller proceeds from the Arab villages—remnants of the empires of the Middle Ages—into a country doited with ruins of the Roman dominion, through the wild roving hordes of the Tawarek, to the Negro tribes, and the natives of Southern Africa. Throughout this vast region, the greatest diversity of race and idiom prevail. We find Mohammedan learning ingrafted on ignorance, and magnificent ceremonial side by side with the simplicity of barbarous Negro tribes. A thread of history, even, can be traced through this labyrinth of tribes and overthrown kingdoms, and a commerce is found radiating from Kano, the great emporium of Central Africa, in every direction, and spreading far and wide the manufactures of that industrious region.

Our contemporary of *'The Albion'* points out a defect of this work, which also struck us forcibly in its perusal: 'The frequent interlarding of native terms and dialect has rather a pedantic effect, though it may give an air of *vraisemblance*. A glossary to be consulted at pleasure is, to our thinking, more convenient. To us it matters little, though to some future ALBERT SMITH lecturing on these localities, it may be very desirable information, that 'beside the great market-place of Kano, there are several smaller ones dispersed through the town, the most noted of which are the Kaswa-n-kuroni, Mandaweli, Hanga, Kaswa-n-mata, Kaswa-n-ayagi, Kaswa-n-lirba, Kaswa-n-Yakase, Kaswa-n-kofan Wambay, and the Kaswa-n-Kofan Nayisa.' It is quite as bad with *things* as with *places*. Now when Mr. BARTH, with his friend OVERWEG, a 'friendly Cnyp,' and 'the shoush, goes to the Khaddamie, to partake of an immense bowl of 'Kuskus,' he



should explicate somewhat. What is a *shoush*, for Gracious' sake, and eke the *Kuskus*? The volume, which is large, and the first of three, of a similar size, is well printed upon excellent paper, and liberally illustrated with good engravings, maps, etc.

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OWEN'S COMMENTARY ON MATTHEW AND MARK. In one Volume: pp. 438. LEAVITT AND ALLEN, Number 379 Broadway.

THIS first volume of a series of exegetical works is by a well-known classical annotator and successful teacher, whose acquirements in Theological Science have deservedly secured for him a place among our American Divines. The work is evidently the result of careful study and laborious research. The wide field of exegetical literature has been candidly explored by the author; and there appears a generous estimate of opinions differing from his own. The expositor does not shrink from a full and free expression of his sentiments, nor does he dogmatically advance his views; but he endeavors to fortify his positions by the analogy of faith and the principles of a wholesome exegesis. We deem it sound, judicious, and practical; critical without being technical; in its exposition full, and yet not verbose: practical and refreshing to the reader of the Bible, it will be welcomed by those for whose aid it has been prepared. It must prove valuable, especially to those who do not possess the many learned expository works of our day and who have not the requisite time nor ability to compare them, even if possessed. In its typography and general appearance, the work is neat and captivating; in other words, worthy of the publishers. It cannot fail to secure favor for the succeeding volumes.

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PRIESTHOOD AND CLERGY UNKNOWN TO CHRISTIANITY: OF the Church a Community of Co-equal Brethren. By CAMPAGINATOR. In one Volume: pp. 297. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY.

THE object of this work is no less chimerical than plausible. If the author's premises were tenable, his conclusions would still be impracticable. But unfortunately for himself — although happily both for the cause of the Gospel Ministry and of Biblical Christianity — his investigation of Scripture has been as circumscribed as his reasoning from isolated passages is perverted by his preconceived views. That some of his positions are true, and some of his remarks correct, we do not doubt; but a mere glance at his pages is sufficient to convince us that he has undertaken a task to which his scholarship is not equal; essayed an argument which involves him in contradictions; and arrived at an end, which, if it could be effected, would result in the decline of all that is 'lovely, honest, and of good report' in the churches.

To bring men to the knowledge of the truth, and to promote the interests of true religion among men, by leaving the whole matter to men as they

think they are moved by the SPIRIT, implies the most visionary views of human nature, as well as the most defective views of the whole economy of the Gospel. And from the teachings of Scripture in relation to the authority and duties of the Christian Ministry and the principles of Church Government, it were absurd to suppose that the religion of CHRIST could be maintained in the community, much less advance through the world without the instrumentality of those whom CHRIST has commissioned to preach and to baptize; and quite as preposterous that there could be a communion of equal brethren without rules and regulations to bind the body. OWENISM in the Church would hardly work better than OWENISM in the State. Some DIOTREPHES would ere long rise to disturb the spiritual equality and abuse the spiritual freedom.

But it is not our object, and it is also out of our province, to 'enter into particulars.' It is a work which will offend many and please none; and we have noticed it simply because it will signally defeat its own end. One must share the author's peculiar logic to read it with patience; and his repugnance to the Christian ministry, of every branch of the Church, to expect that it will have a very wide circulation. We admire his wisdom, however, in having concealed his name.

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THE PRISONER OF THE BORDER: a Tale of the Year Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-Eight. By P. HAMILTON MYERS, Esq., Author of 'The First of the KNICKERBOCKERS,' 'The Young Patroon,' etc. In one Volume: pp. 378. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON.

'THE scene of this tale is laid chiefly upon the borders of the United States and Canada, at the time of the troubled period of the projected Canadian Revolution. The chief incident of the plot is the capture of the hero, a young 'American Sympathizer, by the British, and the subsequent unwearied exertions and devoted sacrifices of a young and beautiful girl to effect his release. The plot is very skilfully managed: its course is flowing, consequent, and uninterrupted; its incidents are striking; they are conceived with much dramatic power, and are described with a force and vividness, and a happy flow of language, which impart almost the vitality of action. Still there is not a point strained, probability is never outraged, and sense is never sacrificed for effect. The characters are finely conceived, and contrasted in a masterly manner. They are not types of new classes of character; we may remember to have met them elsewhere, but their grouping presents new and salient points of observation; they act in new scenes and stirring situations, and their combinations are the natural results of new relations to each other, so that fresh motives, and varied phases, and idiosyncrasies are evolved from old and recognized types, and become, by the alchemy of the author's mind, new creations. The character of GERTRUDE VAN KLEECK is one that every one will reflect upon with pleasure. It is that of a true woman.' Thus far, FRANK LESLIE's Illustrated 'News'-paper. We have not found leisure to read one word of the work here noticed. The era chosen should certainly be an effective one.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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### Death of Mr. Samuel Hueston.

THE death of Mr. SAMUEL HUESTON, for so many years the esteemed publisher of this Magazine, has recently been widely made known to the public, through the medium of the daily press of this metropolis. Occurring at a period so nearly approaching the printing and distant transmission of the present number of the KNICKERBOCKER, it is not now in our power to do justice to the character and Christian virtues of the lamented deceased. This deserved tribute we hope, in the good providence of God, to be enabled to render hereafter. The simplest statement, wholly inadequate, is all that we can present at this time. Mr. HUESTON was born in Scotland. His parents removed to this country, and settled in Morristown, Morris County, (New-Jersey,) before he was a year old. Here he resided until he was twenty-two years of age. He married a most amiable and lovely lady, and went to the South, where he lived some nine or ten years, a large portion of the time, we believe, in New-Orleans. He then came to New-York, where he resided for the remainder of his life. He was forty-nine years of age at the time of his death. He was a man of strict and sterling honesty in all his dealings; and in his conduct of the publishing department of the KNICKERBOCKER, he secured and retained the cordial friendship of all with whom he came in contact. He was not merely a publisher: his literary sympathies were warm and genial: his appreciation correct: his kindness of heart unvaried. He has gone to join the beloved wife who passed before him through the crowded gate of Death, and is now, with her, in the 'Better Land;' leaving two children, boys of advanced age, behind him, forever to lament and honor the father and mother who so loved and honored them. Of our long and intimate intercourse with the lamented deceased, it will be our province to speak hereafter. He died as he had lived, a devoted, practical Christian. Peace be with his kindly, gentle spirit!—peace to his ashes, in the green glade where they repose in beautiful Greenwood!

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — For reasons, and through avocations, which, under the circumstances, will be obvious to the considerate reader, the hilarious 'Fishing Experience in JOHN BROWN'S Tract,' with not a few kindred subsections of 'Gossip,' original and from correspondents, (for whose favors we are grateful,) are postponed to our next. The length of some of our 'Literary Notices' has also excluded our 'Record of New Publications.' - - - THERE is not a little 'fire' in '*Sparks and Cinders caught by a Grate-Blower, from the Furnace of Life.*' We are sure we know the writer, too, not so much from his hand-of-write, as from 'internal evidence.' Speaking of '*Blowers*,' did our friend ever happen to hear of the remark which old Dr. CHAPMAN (once of his tremendously large village) made one night at a 'WISTAR-Party' held at his house, to a then celebrated, talented, good-natured, but slightly pretentious and pompous English trumpet-blower? This was it: the bugler had come somewhat early: had walked, and was 'blown': his dress enhancing his discomfort, as he always wore a frock-coat, in all weathers, buttoned to the chin. Save Dr. CHAPMAN, not a soul was in the room. 'How-de-do, Doctor?' 'Fraid I am too early — eh?' 'Oh! no; there's time enough yet.' 'Doctor,' continued the 'brass'-artist, mopping his forehead with a red silk handkerchief, 'do n't you think your fire is too hot? Won't it over-heat the Burgundy, which I see standing (you understand these things, Doctor, I perceive) upon your mantel-piece?' 'SAM!' responded the Doctor, calling to his arm-chair an old and favorite negro body-servant of his, 'SAM,' pointing to his early guest, take away that *Blower*: too hot for me!' SAM removed the blower from the grate, and probably was never aware of the pun to the day of his death. This is a long 'screed,' but it occurred to us, and we thought we would jot it down:

'It was remarked to me that the city whereof I am an inhabitant was a rather 'slow,' 'old-fogy,' 'stupid' one: also, by the same individual, that its citizens seemed prosy, common-place, business-engrossed men, too nearly on the 'GRADGRIND' order of humanity. 'No wit, no social *esprit*,' exclaimed my individual; 'no sentiment, no life, in short, but every-day life — plod! plod! Ah! I would n't live in such an old clock of a town, among all your human 'cogs,' and wheels, and pendulums, all set to the same time, and ticking along the dial of existence with the same monotony as the clock on the old State House! What would n't I give for a real 'original' now?'

'*Jam satis*,' cried I, 'you shall be gratified, and sooner than you expect, for lo! he cometh.' We were 'upon the street' at the time.

'What! — that grave-looking, white-haired, trimly-attired, peculiarly-respectable old gentleman with the gold 'specs' and plaid-silk cravat? He an or — bah!'

'Don't 'bah!' so soon, my friend: you'll feel sheepish enough before long, if the grave-looking old gentleman 'twigs' you rightly. Mr. TURKLE, a moment: allow me to introduce my friend HANKER, from Paris — last.'

'Sir, most happy,' said the grave-looking TURKLE, gravely. 'Ah! pray pardon me, gentlemen, but just at the present moment I feel as if I contained, in the area

of my brain, about thirteen acres of Hades in the highest state of cultivation. Good morning!

'TURKLE bowed solemnly — and left. Friend HANKER 'caved,' and we went home to dinner, and to talk more about the great original.

'Mr. TURKLE, HANKER,' commenced I, at the crisis of our second glass of sherry, 'is a remarkable man in many respects. He is a generous man, a rich man, a polite man, an intelligent man, a good husband, father, and friend: he has few if any enemies: and there is but one man, or rather class of men, toward whom his sentiments are other than those of a Christian gentleman. He hates an undertaker. 'This world,' said he to me one day, 'is nothing but a great burying-ground, and those infernal fellows, with their long boxes and measuring-rods — ugh! and black wagons, have a monopoly of the soil. Do n't talk to *me* of the agricultural interest — it's the undertaker's interest that rules the fate of nations.' A few weeks since I was walking up street with him, when he suddenly bolted down a cross-court. 'Where the deuce are you going, TURKLE?' 'Nowhere — anywhere. Do n't you see that horrible thing coming down street? My dear Sir, I'd rather face a panther than a funeral.' But TURKLE is by no means always in a melancholy mood, nor does his originality lie wholly upon the *grave* side of his character. He is peculiarly witty and eccentric upon many subjects, and on many occasions, and no one can better 'set the table in a roar,' without the slightest apparent premeditation. He is deeply versed in Scripture, and often makes use of quotations to enforce a remark. Time and place seem equally apt with him, or rather he is totally independent of either, and consequently says the most singular, often startling things, at the most unlooked-for period, and without the most remote connection with any thing, antecedent or associate, to give rise to his train of thought and observation. He —'

'Ho! every one that thirsteth!' burst upon our ears at this moment in stentorian tones, causing both our glasses to lose their equilibrium and ourselves nearly to follow their example. We turned: in the dining-room door stood TURKLE, a smile on his lip, and a scarlet silk pocket-handkerchief held aloft in his hand, as if about to continue his thunderous declamation. 'What makes you leave your front-door latch down?' said he abruptly, entering the room. 'I could have stolen every thing on the hat-rack. I wish I had. How are ye again, Mr. HANKER? Yes! very fine sherry; I know it. No, Sir, not a drop! I won't touch any thing but water for — a week. Had the nightmare awfully last night. Neighbors got up, and lighted all their gas; thought robbers were in crowds in every house in the square, and all the children being murdered in their beds. Nothing in the world but a plate of terrapin and two glasses of sherry I took at a party that evening. Give me a glass of water, WILLIAM. Cider, did you say? Well! I *will* try that. Ah! how that reminds me — Ah! 'I would I were a boy again!' Mr. HANKER, I'm told there is n't a drop of good whiskey in Paris: is that so?

'Mr. TURKLE, if I may be so bold as to inquire, pray what was the cause of your — your — that is, of your low spirits this morning?'

'Why — ah! confound the fellow! I believe they're all itching to measure me with their rascally rules: the fact is, there was a scoundrel actually had the impudence to come to my office this morning to get me to buy a lot, ('Lord be merciful to me, a sinner!') a swampish, damp, barren, ten-foot-square lot in a new cemetery out here — to — to — you know. I hope he may be the first tenant on his own property, confound him! Pass the sherry!'

'Why, TURKLE, you said ——'

'Yes: I know I did; but you've overset me with your detestable questions. Ah! we are, 'above all, deceitful and desperately wicked.' Mr. HANKER, will you be so good as to explain to me the exact difference between a *Lorette* and a *Grisette* in Paris? I never could precisely understand the distinction. . . . Thank you! very lucid. I must go: good day! Oh! I say, (to me,) do n't you think the Esquimaux will suffer more hereafter than the Patagonians? Good bye!' He was off.

'Well, HANKER,' cried I, 'what do you think now of our 'clock-work'?'

'I confess to the maize,' cried he: 'a few such 'eccentric movements' as that would certainly kick up a row in the machinery!'

'You shall see more set a-going ere you leave,' I replied, as we adjourned to the parlor.'

Of the 'same sort,' more anon. - - - Our readers, or at least many of them, will remember a singular patriotic poem contributed to these pages many years ago, commencing:

'WHEN the old Continentals,  
In their ragged regimentals,

etc. It was very popular, and went the rounds of the press throughout the Union. The following, just received, is greatly the superior of that effusion, and is by the same author, GUY H. McMASTER, Esq., of Bath, Steuben county, in this State. The 'Northern Lights' was written during the revolutionary agitations in Europe; and hence, we infer, the interrogatories addressed to certain royal personages in the seventh stanza. The idea of the poem, it will be seen, is a vision of the MILTONIC 'Infernal Host:'

#### The Northern Lights.

'ALL in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,  
With orient colors waving: with them rose  
A forest huge of spears: and thronging helms  
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable.' — PARADISE LOST.

#### I.

HELL's gates swing open wide!  
Hell's furious chiefs forth ride!  
The deep doth redden  
With flags of armies marching through the night,  
As kings shall lead their legions to the fight  
At Armageddon!

#### II.

Peers and princes mark I,  
Captains and chiliarchi—  
Thee, burning angel of the pit, ABADDON!  
Charioteers from Hades, land of gloom,  
Gigantic thrones and heathen troopers, whom  
The thunder of the far-off fight doth madden.

#### III.

Lo! Night's barbaric Khans!  
Lo! the waste Gulf's wild clans  
Gallop across the skies with fiery bridles:

Lo! flaming Sultans, lo! infernal Czars  
In deep-ranked squadrons gird the glowing cars  
Of *LUCIFER* and *AMMON*, towering Idols.

## IV.

See yonder red platoons!  
See! see, the swift dragoons  
Whirling aloft their sabres to the zenith!  
See the tall regiments whose spears incline  
Beyond the circle of that steadfast sign  
Which to the streams of ocean never leaneth.\*

## V.

Whose yonder dragon crest?  
Whose that red-shielded breast?  
Chieftain *SATANAS*! emperor of the furnace!  
What bright centurions, what blazing earls,  
In mail of hell's hot ores and burning pearls,  
Alarm the kingdoms with their gleaming harness?

## VI.

All shades and spectral hosts,  
All forms and gloomy ghosts,  
All frowning phantoms from the Gulf's dim gorges,  
Follow the kings in wavering multitude,  
While savage giants of the Night's old brood  
In pagan mirth toss high their crackling torches.

## VII.

Monarchs, on guarded thrones  
Ruling earth's southern zones,  
Mark ye those wrathful arches of Gehenna,  
How gleam, affrighted Lords of Europe's crowns,  
Their blood-red arrows o'er your bastioned towas,  
Moscow, and purple Rome, and cannon-girt Vienna?  
Go bid your prophets watch the northern skies!  
Why through the vault cleave those infernal glances?  
Why, ye pale wizards, do those portents rise,  
Rockets and fiery shafts and lurid lances?

## VIII.

Still, o'er the silent Pole  
Numberless armies roll,  
Columns all plumed and cohorts of artillery!  
Still, girdled nobles cross the snowy fields  
In flashing chariots: their crimson shields  
Kindle afar thy icy peaks, Cordillera!

## IX.

On! Lords of dark despair!  
Prince of the Powers of Air,  
Bear your broad banners through the Constellations!  
Wave, all ye Stygian hordes  
Through the black sky your swords,  
Startle with warlike signs the watching nations.  
March, ye mailed multitudes, across the deep:  
Far shine the battlements on Heaven's steep!  
Dare ye again, fierce Thrones and scarlet Powers,  
Assail with hell's wild hosts those crystal towers!  
Tempt ye again the angel's shining blades,  
*IMHURIEL*'s spear and *MICHAEL*'s circling truncheon,  
The seraph-cavalier, whose winged brigades  
Drove you in dreadful rout down to the Night's vast dungeon?

Is n't that very *MILTONIC*, alike in conception and execution, especially for  
a mere 'plank-road director'? - - - 'Of course' the 'times' are 'hard':

\* *Iliad*: 19, 489.



but what of that? Don't make them harder, by imitating Mrs. SAVEALL, who has been recording her 'experiences,' and setting forth her character in the New-York '*Picayune*.' She can't 'do' for the whole of her sister's family, but she is willing to do what she can. Hear her :

'THERE'S MARTHA, now: she's different. She's past fifteen, and very steady. I've heard her mother say she was the only help she had. I think I'll adopt MARTHA. She can sew very well, and she can do all my plain work evenings after she has washed the tea-things; for of course I shan't keep a girl after taking such an additional expense on my shoulders. Then, a great girl like that, lounging about will be glad of something to do, and there's a pile of coal-ashes in the under-cellar, that the last tenant left there, would have been carried out months ago, only they charged me two dollars for doing it; she can take it out in pailfuls, and it will be good exercise for her. Then the fences in the back-garden need whitewashing, and she can practise on them so as to learn; if she is smart she can save me a good deal of money next house-cleaning, and it would be her duty to do so after all I've done for her, or rather, all I'm *going* to do. Won't she have that nice little bed-room off the basement to sleep in, with nothing but the wash-tubs and an old stove or two beside her bed and trunk in it? Can't she wash her clothes when she does mine, and use my lines to dry 'em on? And can't she go to church every Sunday evening? — there's a privilege many a poor man's daughter do n't have. And then I shall bring her up as she had ought to be brought up. I won't allow her to read silly novels, and poetry, and that trash. I shan't let her toss herself off in finery; she shall comb her hair plain behind her ears, and wear slip aprons. Let me catch her letting any young man wait on her out as she gets older. There's an advantage she will have with me — I shan't give her a chance to make a fool of herself; though of course she'd never think of leaving me after all my sacrifices. I don't know as I do myself justice when I assume such a responsibility. But it is one's duty to help one's relations, and I've always been self-sacrificing since I was a child. I'll write to Cousin JOHN and make him the offer before I sleep. . . . There, the letter is sent. How grateful they will feel to me! It does one good to be generous. I hope they will send her soon, for the poor pavement wants washing, and the brasses ought to be cleaned, and some one must take the wash-kettle to be mended, and I want to have the carpets shaken next week, and I really ought to have help; beside, I love to be doing good. . . . Bless my soul! I never was so astonished. How can people be so utterly blind to their own interest! To think of Cousin JOHN refusing my offer point blank. And how *can* ANN JANE call herself a mother when she neglects such opportunities for her daughter, only because she 'can't spare her!' Well, there is one consolation — I've done my duty. I was willing to 'cast my bread upon the waters,' as our minister says — I meant to take that girl and do by her. It's not *my* fault that I did n't. Ah! mark my words — the time will come when they will all be sorry for it.'

What a good, generous old soul! - - - Not long since, on a cool, pleasant Sabbath afternoon, we accompanied a neighbor to a *Colored Camp-Meeting*, assembled in a shady grove on the 'Greenbush Road,' back of 'Rockland Tower,' which has often led us to the mansion of our friend NICHOLAS QUACKENBOS, Esq., at 'Brookside,' an appropriate and pleasant name for a most pleasant place. We have seldom been more forcibly impressed than on the occasion to which we allude. There were perhaps a thousand people present, men and women, young and old, at least one-half of whom were white persons. There was a *cordon* of wagons and horses around a wide circular inclosure, indicated and respected, although not inclosed. An afternoon intermission had commenced just as we arrived, and the sable worshippers were scattered around the ground in groups, in front of a rude board-pulpit, which was situated under the dense shade of a cluster of heavy-foliaged trees. Some were singing, others were praying; but every thing was conducted with perfect propriety; nor did we hear, from any one of the 'congregation,' or the audience, a single word at which exception might be taken. One 'colored brother' especially arrested our attention. He was very old; he said he was 'goin' on seventy.' he stood in

the midst of a very large circle: and in a voice broken, yet some how strangely melodious, we thought, was singing from a printed slip 'A Warning,' in which all around him joined with great fervor. And this was the 'Warning' which he gave; and while singing it, with shortened breath, but most affecting solemnity, intermingled occasionally with touching, and often eloquent comments, he was joined by great numbers of his 'colored brethren' present:

'The voice of Wisdom hear,  
Be in time, be in time!  
The voice of Wisdom hear,  
Be in time:  
To give up every sin,  
In earnest now begin;  
For the night will soon set in:  
Be in time, be in time!  
For the night will soon set in:  
Be in time!

'Ye aged sinners hear,  
Be in time, be in time!  
Ye aged sinners hear,  
Be in time:  
Your sands are running fast,  
Your die will soon be cast;  
Ye aged men make haste:  
Be in time, be in time!  
Ye aged men make haste:  
Be in time!

'Though late, you may return,  
Be in time, be in time!  
Though late, you may return,  
Be in time:  
Though late, you may return,  
You're not too late to learn;  
While the lamp holds out to burn:  
Be in time, be in time!  
While the lamp holds out to burn:  
Be in time!

'You who are young in years,  
Be in time, be in time!  
You who are young in years,  
Be in time:  
You say you're in your bloom,  
And far from the dark tomb;  
But mind, your day will come:  
Be in time, be in time!  
But mind, your day will come:  
Be in time!

'Ye young, ye gay, ye proud,  
Be in time, be in time!  
You must die and wear the shroud;  
Be in time:

Then you'll cry, and want to be  
Happy in eternity;  
When the monster DEATH you see:  
Be in time, be in time!  
When the monster DEATH you see:  
Be in time!

'Backslider, do you hear?  
Be in time, be in time!  
Backslider, do you hear?  
Be in time:  
Your sinful course forsake,  
Yourself to prayer betake;  
Your deathless soul's at stake:  
Be in time, be in time!  
Your deathless soul's at stake:  
Be in time!

'Should you the work delay,  
You're undone, you're undone!  
Should you the work delay,  
You're undone:  
Should you the work delay,  
And squander life away;  
Death will be a solemn day:  
Be in time, be in time!  
Death will be a solemn day:  
Be in time!

'Oh! should the door be shut  
When you come, when you come!  
Oh! should the door be shut  
When you come:  
Should God in anger say,  
Depart from Me away;  
It will be too late to pray:  
Be in time, be in time!  
It will be too late to pray:  
Be in time!

'The Gospel train's at hand,  
Be in time, be in time!  
The Gospel train's at hand,  
Be in time,  
Behold your station there,  
Jesus has paid your fare;  
Let's all engage in prayer:  
Be in time, be in time!  
Let's all engage in prayer:  
Be in time!

The aged singer's hands were freckled, and 'lank and brown,' and rough, and seamed with toil. He said they had 'ministered unto his necessities,' and to those which were with him; for he had a family, but by the blessing of God, he was able to work still. He was a shoe-maker, he said; he had suffered much from illness; but humble as was his occupation, he had had,

while sitting upon his bench, visions of a 'better land,' where they should no more say, 'I am sick,' and all distinctions, 'except for *good*,' were forever done away with. It was *very* affecting—and tears stood in many an eye. One thing more is worthy of note, 'in this connection.' Just as the last verse was being sung,

'THE Gospel train's at hand,  
Be in time, be in time!'

afar off, on the level space that stretched toward the Ramapo Hills, came rushing on a long train upon the New-York and Erie Rail-road, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive, softened by the distance, echoed subduedly through the 'Camp.' The effect was most striking. But now the horn blew; the assemblage gathered around the pulpit: a fervent prayer was offered up by a 'colored brother,' which, both in manner and language, was unexceptionable: a hymn was sung: we heard part of a discourse from the text, 'Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in ME. In my FATHER's house are many mansions: if it were *not* so, I would have told you.' We heard but the first half of this discourse, which was listened to with not only not the slightest interruption, but with the undivided attention of all present: a tribute which it well deserved; for we believe that in matter and manner it surprised almost every body who heard it. All the way coming home, we were trying, with our friend, to recall the air to which '*The Warning*' was sung. We were about to 'give it up,' when it flashed upon us:

'Mr name 't was ROBERT KID,  
As I sailed, as I sailed:  
My name 't was ROBERT KID,  
As I sailed:  
My name 't was ROBERT KID,  
And so wickedly I did,  
God's laws I did forbid,  
As I sailed!'

But all this mattered not. With *the words*, the air was extremely pathetic: and it will be very long before we shall forget it. Moreover, it was most effectively executed. - - - It has been our lot, in the course of twenty-five years' experience in these pages, to encounter much bad spelling and worse hand-writing; but until now, we never 'took our eye and threw it over' any thing *half* as formidable as the following. The chirography, especially, is a perfect *miracle* of uncouth ugliness. It comes to us from one of our consulates many thousand miles away. *Some* 'punctification' was necessary, as there was not a 'point' in the whole:

*thursday mornning*

'to Mr. ———, the American Consul dear sir i take this mornning my pan in hand to address to you my sufferings: sir since i came hear i have sufard great: my dear sir, i have not had any thing to eat but that ten peasters, and they did not go far: i am know starving to death with cold and hunger my dear sir i am know at the poynt of death: i have suferd moch, and i pray you will relave me and i will pary for you. your sarvant did not hev me put up stares on thusday or i would be more comfortobel i am know in a faver i have no teast in my mowyth: my head is all fayver my body is all coold i am in a faver: i feal very sick all over my criam i have repanted ten

millions of times over, and i pray you will forgive me for this time, and i will pray for you i cannot live mich longer in this affol hole: i am so sick i cahnot move: i pray you my dear sir you will pardon me or remove me. i have nothing to eat, and am starving with coold i bag forgiveness i pray you relave me soon or i will diey i re-man your humbel and sarvent, etc.'

We infer that the poor fellow had committed some offence, which compelled his imprisonment. We hope this touching, although homely epistle, may have wrought his restoration to liberty and to health. Knowing the consul's heart, we cannot doubt it. - - - The decease of Mr. HUESTON will in no respect interfere with the regular and prompt publication of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. He was mercifully spared to attend to all his business interests, and to delegate his trust to others, whose long experience in the office renders his late duties as familiar to them as to himself. Our circulation was never larger than at the present moment, nor our literary matériel more various and abundant. We shall strive now, even more than ever, to deserve the long-extended and continued favor of the public. We hope to be able to present such a literary repast to our readers, that they shall at least once a month forget the 'Hard Times,' and all that appertains to them; asking only that their promptness shall keep pace with our exertions for their gratification. For nearly a quarter of a century, we have *lived Knickerbocker*. Its correspondents—and what a totally unexampled list it is!—were either procured *by* us, or volunteered *to* us. That we have labored hard ourselves, the pages of fifty volumes of the Magazine will sufficiently show. But reader, let us 'glory' a little in *another* respect. There is not a feature about the *mechanical* taste—cover, internal typography, etc.,—which was not originally suggested, and carefully overseen, and perpetuated, by the *EDITOR* hereof. How many years do we go back!—how many contributors have we seen consigned to the 'narrow house'—the 'house appointed for all living!' But this is of the *PAST*: our labors now, if we are spared, as well as those of our numerous gifted correspondents, will be for the *FUTURE* of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. - - - A METROPOLITAN friend, who many years ago favored us in a similar kind, has sent us a 'screed' of '*Epitaphia*,' from which we select the following:

'The following are from '*Chronicles of the Tombs*,' a volume recently issued in BORN'S Antiquarian Library. Our first is 'On the Wife of EDWARD GREENWOOD, D.D.':

"O DEATH! O DEATH! thou hast cut down  
The fairest *Greenwood* in all the town:  
Her virtues and good qualities were such,  
She was worthy to marry a lord or a judge:  
Yet such was her condescension and humility,  
She chose to marry me, a Doctor of Divinity:  
For which heroic act she stands confessed  
Above all women, the *Phoenix* of her sex;  
And like that bird, one young she did beget,  
That she might not leave her friends disconsolate.  
My grief for her, alas! is so sore,  
I can only write two lines more:  
For this, and every other good woman's sake,  
Never lay a blister on a lying-in woman's back.'

'This is found in Devonshire, and dates from the early part of the seventeenth

century. The next is from St. SAVIOUR'S, Southwark, London: a marble monument bears also an effigy of the distinguished defunct. The date is 1672:

“HERE LOCKYER lies interred—enough his name  
Speaks, one hath few competitors in fame:  
A name so great, so general, it may scorn  
Inscriptions which do vulgar tombs adorn!  
A diminution 't is to write in verse  
His eulogies which most men's mouths rehearse:  
His virtues *and his pills* are so well known,  
That Envy can't confine them under stone;  
But they'll survive his dust, and not expire  
Till all things else at the universal fire.  
This verse, if lost, his pills embalm him safe  
To future times without an epitaph.”

‘A VERY good specimen of an old-style epitaph is the subjoined ‘*Upon an Old Servant:*’

“PASS not, proud mortals! thus unmindful by:  
Here moulders one who never told a lie,  
Who ne'er detracted from another's fame,  
Nor e'er by scandal brought a neighbor shame:  
In life's uneven path contented trod;  
Cursed not his neighbor, nor blasphemed his God;  
To converse private gave no listening ear,  
Nor was a slander ever known to hear;  
Who, silent to his friends as to his foes,  
His master's secrets never would disclose;  
But faithful, sober, pious, good, and just,  
Served him obedient, and fulfilled his trust;  
More quiet none, in boastful Greece or Rome,  
For know, O reader! he was *deaf and dumb*.”

‘In Micklehurst church-yard, England, may be seen the following:

“‘LIFE is an inn, where all men bait,  
The waiter TIME, the landlord FATE;  
DEATH is the score by all men due:  
I've paid my shot—and so must you.’”

‘At Arlington, in the same ‘yle beyond the sea,’ we find the annexed:

“Here Lie

“Two grand-mothers with their two grand-daughters,  
Two husbands with their two wives,  
Two fathers with their two daughters,  
Two mothers with their two sons,  
Two maidens with their two mothers,  
Two sisters with their two brothers.  
Yet but six corps in all lie buried here,  
All born legitimate, and from incest clear.”

‘And our ingenious antiquarian satisfactorily unravels all the intricate tangle. Let your KNICKERBOCKER wits ‘throw themselves upon the sumjack.’ Also, while they are about it, let them answer this: ‘Two widowers (who are not related) marry each other's daughters: *what relation will their children be to each other?*’ You of course remember the Duck question: ‘A duck before two ducks, a duck behind two ducks, and a duck between two ducks: *how many ducks were there?*’ But to return to our epitaphs. A volume of the New-York ‘*Mirror*,’ published nearly thirty years ago, gave the following, ‘*On an Infant who Died very Young:*’

“‘I CAME to see the farce of life one day,  
Tired of the first act, and so went away.’”

‘And now we have a real genuine original KNICKERBOCKER'S:

“IN THIS VAULT LIES BURIED

*Stuyvesant,*

LATE CAPTAIN-GENERAL AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF AMSTERDAM,  
IN NEW-NETHERLAND, NOW CALLED NEW-YORK,  
AND THE DUTCH WEST-INDIA ISLANDS: DIED IN AUGUST, A.D. 1682.  
AGED 80 YEARS.’

‘The curious may find the above under one of the windows of STUYVESANT Church, (St. MARK’S Episcopal,) nearly opposite the new building of the Historical Society.

‘In Melrose Abbey grave-yard is a curious little old tomb-stone, half-buried, which, beside an hour-glass and skull and cross-bones, bears the following curious epitaph. I am sorry I have forgotten the name: the date was about 1620 :

“Y<sup>e</sup> Earth goeth on y<sup>e</sup> Earth,  
Glistering like gold;  
Y<sup>e</sup> Earth goeth to y<sup>e</sup> Earth  
Sooner than it wold:  
Y<sup>e</sup> Earth buildeth on y<sup>e</sup> Earth  
Castles and Towers;  
Y<sup>e</sup> Earth sayeth to y<sup>e</sup> Earth,  
All shall be ours.”

‘THE writer is well persuaded that the following inscription, with variations, is more widely diffused than any in the language:

“REMEMBER friend, as you pass by,  
As you are now so once was I:  
As I am now, so you must be,  
Prepare for death and follow me.’

‘Whether from its antitheses, its striking truthfulness, or its brevity, cannot now be determined, perhaps; but the fact remains, that those four lines have had a strong hold on the popular heart both in Great Britain and this country. But do you know that some profane person wrote with irreverent hand the ensuing couplet beneath the verse just given?

“To follow you I’m not content,  
Until I know which way you went.’

‘One more. Mr. PETTIGREW of the ‘Chronicles,’ quotes the following from a tomb at Ockham, A.D. 1736:

“THE LORD saw good, I was lopping off wood,  
And down fell from the tree:  
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,  
And so DEATH lopped off me.’

“And now to conclude:’ one of the most *impudent* epitaphs I ever remember to have read, is the following, which may be seen recorded upon a tombstone in Lancashire, England:

“READER, pass on! — don’t waste your time  
O’er false biography and falser rhyme:  
For what *I am*, this crumbling clay insures,  
And what *I was*, is no affair of yours!’

Slightly ‘cool,’ for a dead man! - - - Is not the following, which

we receive from 'E — B —', a welcome Philadelphia correspondent, a very singular circumstance? We hope the unfilled blank at the end may not cause the KNICKERBOCKER to be ordered out of France, for we have some fifty American subscribers in its gay capital who, we are vain enough to think, would sadly miss their monthly draught of 'Home-brewed.' 'A Frenchman lately communicated the following curious calculation to an English friend :

'FALL OF ROBESPIERRE, . . . . .	1794
(Repeat 1794 in single figures,)	1
	7
	9
	4
	<hr/>
'Fall of NAPOLEON I., . . . . .	1815
(Repeat as above,)	1
	8
	1
	5
	<hr/>
'Fall of CHARLES X., . . . . .	1830
	1
	3
	3
	0
	<hr/>
'Fall of DUKE OF ORLEANS, * . . . .	1842
	1
	8
	4
	2
	<hr/>
'Fall of ——— ? . . . . .	1857

An ominous query, and a pregnant! - - - EXCEEDINGLY beautiful is the manuscript of the subjoined: but is it not also an exceedingly forcible example of the 'search of *English* under difficulties'? It strikes us so:

'MY DEAR SIR: I am very sorry for announcing you, that my sons and the two young men O — and S — shall not can continue being present at the school that you so worthly preside because the time to continue our voyage to Europe is arrived, but I do not have suficient expressions to signify you my gratitude for the goodness and the efficacy that you have purchased in the teaching of the told young men. It is probably that our depart will be verified in this six or eight days, and I wish that if any thing occur to you, be served to occupy me with freedom, then shall be very pleased in accomplish your orders. Your very Attentive Servant, V — DE P —.'

We omit the name of the writer, as well as the names of 'the *told* young men' (the *said*?) of whom he speaks, in deference to what we may assume to be the wish of our correspondent. The foregoing is sufficiently French: the annexed, which was addressed to the division-superintendent of one of our rail-roads, is sufficiently Dutch:

'S —, the 29: August 18 —.

'DEAR MR. —: As it is requested of axidents the Containence this Evining of the cars was by an axel tree being caused to be braden by Cairing the load that they had to get what the other had that the other mite take what the one left on the road and returned to —, unfit to carry its load westard; and by so doing they got prest in the switch at —, witch caused to bend and Cracx the axel tree and had to be taken out.

'SOLOMON G —.'